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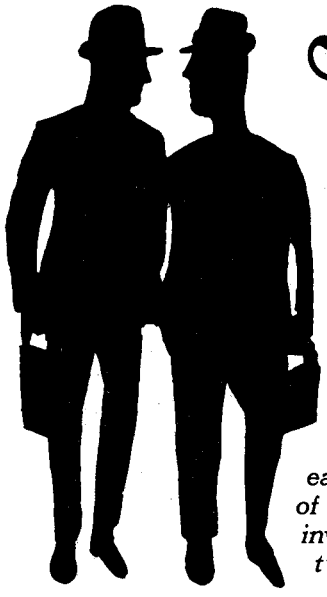

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TRB

from Washington

The Noose

A "great sickness" grips our society, says Arthur Burns, Counsellor to the President; "people have lost faith in our basic institutions; they have lost faith in the processes of government itself."

To a large extent this is true, and it is a sad and demoralizing situation, and who can doubt its basic cause? It is Vietnam.

Vietnam is like a noose around America's neck, it has damaged us abroad, fueled college riots at home and alienated the nation from its own youth on whom it depends for its gaiety and enthusiasm. It undercuts efforts against poverty and racism; provokes revulsion against the military and thrusts us toward isolationism. It distorts our budget and brings inflation, and in the effort to cure it there will probably be recession and unemployment, with 20 to 30 percent of teen-age Negroes idle and hell to pay in the ghetto.

In Vietnam, by Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger's definition, if we do not win, we have lost.

But who is ready to admit that? There are too many reputations, too many generals, too much investment involved to say that above your breath. How can we approach a war we should never have got into and do not know how to get out of? And there is a more terrible question. Have our boys died in vain? No, we simply dare not ask that question yet.

What we need is a formula, and a little make-believe. They can carry us over the tragic gap. They are beginning to appear. We return to the old phrase that it is really a "Vietnamese war." They must settle it themselves. We will supply the South for a hundred years, but let them win the war by themselves that we could not win with them. Fantasy, of course. But we cannot face reality as yet.

So Presidents Nixon and Thieu meet at Midway in order, as the statement says, "to reaffirm their unity of purpose." What this unity is may be hard to define; we want peace, but does the Thieu regime?

His government opposed the original Johnson partial bombing halt of March 31, 1968. Last October it opposed extension of the halt to all of North Vietnam. It repeatedly advocated resumption. It dragged its heels before the Paris peace talks, and Hubert Humphrey believes this played a part in his narrow defeat. Now, before the Midway meeting, Thieu is adamant against any interim or coalition government and jails domestic moderates who advocate it.

The hawks in this war have been wrong, we think, at almost every step. They equated nationalism with Communism from the start, and could not see the one under the other. They thought bombing would bring the enemy promptly to heel. They thought conscripted American boys should fight in the Asian jungle. They even called Tet a victory. True, rationalization was easy enough; American motives were innocent for the most part, and the average man, probably, was even idealistic, if misinformed.

Today the same hawks argue that Thieu's regime has popular support and would be returned in a fair election. This is probably as much make-believe as the rest of it.

Our Boy

Does Thieu feel that he could win? He does not act that way. His principal opponent in the September, 1967, election (the Humphrey of the contest) is now in jail, serving five years. The 1966 leaders of the Buddhist Struggle Movement are in jail. They are nationalist, anti-Communist. Just the other day, in March, the anti-Communist Buddhist leader and 50 followers who advocated a negotiated peace or compromise settlement, were thrown into jail – 10 years, hard labor.

Secretary Melvin Laird wants the North Vietnamese to publish the names of US prisoners and we say Amen. We hope that after intervening for US prisoners, Mr. Laird will also say a word or two for the political prisoners of President Thieu, who number in the thousands.

That is the regime we are supporting; that is our boy. Tucked away in odd corners of your newspaper are items about Vietnamese newspapers temporarily shut down or suspended for good. This repression is not for advocating Communism or military defeat but for suggesting terms of negotiation in some cases very similar to what Mr. Nixon carries with him.

Richard Falk, Princton professor of International Law, writes of Saigon: "It alone, of the four parties to the Paris talks, stands to gain from an indefinite continuation of the military stalemate. . . . It cannot realistically expect to stay in power or possibly even to stay alive long after American troops are withdrawn, and it must and will act accordingly."

Leaning Backward

For the next Chief Justice, Mr. Nixon has picked a conservative, a conformist and a strict constructionist. He has gone to a lower Court and found a militant law-and-order man. For 16 years the Warren Court has been the most innovative and liberal agency in government. There has been no greater Chief Justice since John Marshall. Now the wreckers' balls are hammering down the great structure under a "demolition and progress" sign. A commonplace President has picked a commonplace Justice and the Strom Thurmonds rejoice. Judge Burger might himself have written some of those screeds attacking rights-of-defendants decisions (for allegedly condoning criminals) which candidate Nixon used in his campaign. In fairness, Judge Burger is an upright, able, hardworking man. He has painful physical trouble with a back ailment and ideologically he leans backward. Sen. Thurmond may be disappointed in his firm civil-rights stand, however. Yet the prospect is sad. There were four presumptive vacancies on the great Court, and the Fortas betrayal has produced a fifth. Mr. Nixon's gleeful opportunity to fill them makes a situation more important than a Presidential shift – a Taft following a TR, a Harding following a Wilson – for this will last a generation. A few more Burgers will take us back to the 1930's again – a Court of VanDevanter, McReynolds, Sutherland and Butler.

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Draft Reform

Conscription is a relatively recent Americanism. Until the 1940's with their hot and cold wars, there was no compulsory military service, except for brief periods during the Civil War and World War I. Mr. Nixon says he hopes to end the draft and return to an army of volunteers – when the Asian adventure is over. Perhaps by then there will also be a reconsideration of the value of multitudinous US military commitments around the world and the beginnings of sharp scaling down of defense establishments. Meanwhile, the President wants Congress to act soon on his draft reform proposals.

In framing them, Mr. Nixon had the benefit of much past, and conflicting, counsel. General Mark Clark headed a group that studied the draft for the House Armed Services Committee in 1967. The order of call, they decided, should be reversed, with the youngest eligible men – 19-year-olds – drafted first. It favored continuing undergraduate student deferments and opposed instituting a draft lottery. Burke Marshall's Presidential commission made its recommendations to Lyndon Johnson the same year: 19-year-olds first, a lottery, no student deferments. Mr. Johnson took a bit from one report and a bit from the other – 19-year-olds first, a lottery, student deferments. Congress, faced with the necessity to extend the draft law, thereupon went its own whimsical way. It required student deferments, specifically forbade the lottery, and left the order of the call up to the President. Both Burke Marshall and Senator Edward Kennedy, the most persistent and prominent draft-reformer in Congress, felt Congress had taken a backward step. This February Kennedy introduced a new bill which again provided for a lottery, the drafting of the youngest men first, and deferments but not exemptions for students. From all this Nixon has chosen his own combination. It resembles the Kennedy mixture – 19-year-olds first, student deferments and a lottery.

What should be noted first of all is that the Nixon recommendations actually stand a chance of enactment. The President should have the support of Democrats who favored reform when Johnson was for it, and Republicans who favor Nixon. Kennedy's endorsement should win over co-sponsors of his own bill: Senators Eagleton, Hart, Hughes, Mondale, Nelson, Tydings, Yarborough and Young. The chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, John Stennis would vote for a lottery on a trial basis; Mendel Rivers, chairman of

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the companion committee in the House, says he's there to be persuaded.

In a simple and basic way, Mr. Nixon answers the question phrased by the Marshall Commission, "who serves when not all serve?", by drawing names from a hat. He would draft 19-year-olds by lot according to a complicated randomizing scheme involving birth dates and the first letter of last names. Each young man would have only one year of eligibility before passing out of the pool. Students who wish deferments could postpone their year of vulnerability until after they have graduated from college, at which time they too would be placed in the draft pool, along with that year's 19-year-olds.

Two million young men reach 19 each year. About 4 in 10 are now deferred as students, leaving about 1.2 million eligibles from which an estimated 350,000 will be drafted this year. By restricting the draft to 19-year-olds Nixon would eliminate the uncertainty that plagues men between 19 and 26 who, under current procedures, remain draft-prone for 7 years. The military regards younger men as more trainable; they have fewer responsibilities and are not yet settled into jobs that are "vital to the national interest."

Bowing to the education lobby, Nixon would give college students the option of being draft bait at 19, or for one year following their graduation from college.

"He's my only child. Please get him off the campus."

That seems to us ill-advised. The Marshall Commission was right to say, given the need for the draft at all, that there is no persuasive reason for any student deferments. It is a view, however, that is not popular with Congress. Politics seems to require continued student deferments, and since every graduate would, under Nixon's plan, take his place in the draft pool with the current crop of 19-year-olds, fairness is not ultimately in question. Graduate students drafted would be allowed to finish the year, after which they would report for duty. Only medical students would continue to be deferred at the graduate level, but they too eventually have to serve.

Random selection is an advance over a system that has allowed individual draft boards idiosyncratically to draft or exempt graduate students and Peace Corps volunteers; defer all manner of workers in medical, defense and religious jobs; draft disproportionate numbers of poor, rural, uneducated whites and blacks while sparing affluent, better educated men; and decide for good reason or none who stays or goes.

The principal lapse in Mr. Nixon's proposal is his failure, yet, to face squarely the matter of exemptions. He has directed the National Security Council and General Hershey "to conduct a thorough review of our guidelines, standards and procedures for deferments and exemptions, and to report their findings to me by December 1, 1969." As Burke Marshall suggested last week, "the lottery has for many become synonymous with reform; but the real key is the matter of deferments, exemptions and the discretion boards have in determining whom to draft." The President has said nothing about exemptions for sole surviving sons, fathers, hardship cases, conscientious objectors, farm boys, or any of the other categories of men who now lay claim to exemption. If too many men are excluded from the lottery draw, there will be no more equity in a lottery than in the human judgment of draft boards.

The President has sidestepped the question of what is to be done with General Hershey, whose 4,000-odd independent draft boards would be restructured under the Kennedy bill but are retained intact for the time being under Nixon's plan. A bold Presidential decision to retire Hershey and his old-fangled boards and to centralize the selection process would have been welcome. But alongside that judgment one must place the fact that any move to dispense with these relics might sacrifice basic reforms this year. Nixon has sidestepped, too, his campaign commitment to an all-professional army. That remains to be taken up after, perhaps long after, Nixon's commission studying the subject has reported in November.

Drawing names from a fishbowl or from the run of a computer, even when done within the framework of existing boards, is mechanistic and impersonal, no doubt. But with exemptions held in check, it is a fairer selection system than the present one.

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The Chief Justice

In nominating Judge Warren E. Burger of the US Court of Appeals in Washington to be Chief Justice of the United States, the President has redeemed a campaign pledge. He wanted "strict constructionists" on the Supreme Court, Mr. Nixon kept saying last summer and fall, and men who would not go too far "in weakening the peace forces as against the criminal forces."

Judge Burger fits the description. In 13 years on the Court of Appeals, he has shown himself a conservator of judicial power: slow, cautious and reluctant to intervene in matters of large social, political or economic policy, and prone to defer to legislative judgment. This is not necessarily what is meant by a strict constructionist, but it is what Mr. Nixon meant. And Judge Burger has tended to defer also to police judgments. He has not favored the rigorous and even rigid code of conduct, evincing scrupulous regard for the rights of the accused, which a majority of the Warren Court has imposed on police and prosecutors.

The description that Judge Burger fits is a loose one, and he fits it loosely. But there are exceptions. He is explicitly on record about specific aspects of criminal procedure. For the most part, however, it is a matter of attitudes and inclinations. Even in criminal cases, there are always variables that make predictions difficult, and there are precedents which Judge Burger may not be prepared to upset overnight.

The appointment of Justices is the only direct form of political control that anyone exercises over the Supreme Court. The President is entitled to try to use the appointment power to affect the future policy of the Court. But he shares the appointment power with the Senate, and a majority there is equally entitled to give effect to its own preferences in judicial policy. The policy preference of a minority of the Senate was one – though only one – of the factors that prevented confirmation of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice last year. Most of the Senators who did not like Fortas's judicial policies, and quite legitimately opposed his confirmation on that ground, now declare themselves highly pleased with the Burger nomination. More liberal Senators are thus entitled – indeed, have a duty – to examine Judge Burger's record and attitudes with great care.

Mr. Nixon came to office with a narrow mandate. The government is divided, and the President shares the appointment power, which can control the Supreme Court, with a Democratic Senate. If either the President or the Senate insists uncompromisingly on a set of specifications for judicial office, there will be deadlock, which both sides ought to be concerned to avoid. But the Senate can and should resist any Presidential attempt to work radical changes in the Court; it can demand that the President and conservative Southern and Republican Senators not attempt to move the Court beyond a certain moderate position. Since the President has another seat to fill, and his action in doing so may clarify his intentions, would it not be wise and proper, for the Democratic Senate to move slowly with the Burger confirmation until the identity of a second nominee is known?

Slush Storm

A lot of slush has gone under the bridge since Nixon's Checkers speech in 1952 – so much that one feels that the moral indignation over the Fortas-Wolfson affair was a bit excessive. We are, after all, a nation rich in middle-class money manipulators and tax cheats, most of whom suffer no penalties. The President himself weathered his special-fund scandal 17 years ago; Spiro Agnew survived embarrassing scrutiny by *The New York Times* of his financial affairs last year and was elected Vice Presidest. Justice Douglas remains on the Court, though he is the beneficiary of foundation largesse. Rep. Patman, the Texas populist who in good conscience champions tax reform while defending the oil depletion allowance, is out for the hide of a Treasury Secretary who holds onto his Chicago bank stock, at the same time that 12 members of Patman's Banking and Currency Committee maintain financial interests in banks and savings associations without incurring Patman's displeasure.

The House this year for the first time required its members to list *some* of their outside financial interests, and while the House rule is deficient the disclosures were impressive: 61 Representatives have financial interests in companies with defense contracts; 35 members hold stock in companies with contracts to work on the Sentinel ABM; 90 members have interests in banks, savings and loans, and holding companies. Had members been required to list clients or business their law partners have with firms regulated by federal agencies, the disclosures would have been still more embarrassing. The House rule also fails to require disclosure of fees for speeches or articles under $5,000, disclosure of gifts, contributions for office expenses, loans, debts, business income from nongovernment contractors, farm subsidies.

The Senate's new disclosure rule calls for listing honorariums over $300, but does not require public disclosure of business income, stocks, legal fees.

In short, moral indignation over outside income ill-behooves a Congress that shows no intention of coming clean itself. To renew their claim to honest outrage, all public officials in all branches of government should be obliged to make known their financial interests – with no loopholes.

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Nixon Impropriety

The Richard M. Nixon Foundation is soon to be incorporated in California. Private contributions will be welcomed, and they will be tax deductible. The first quarter-million or so of the foundation's money probably will be used for the down payment on 16 acres adjoining the five acres of a seaside estate at San Clemente, Calif., that the President has arranged to buy for $340,000. According to his White House Counsel, John Ehrlichman, "protecting his privacy" would be "the point" of the foundation's purchase of the 16 acres, at a total cost of $1.1 million. Other millions, also contributed by individuals and generous corporations, will pay for a library to house the Presidential papers of the Nixon Administration and for a museum where Nixon memorabilia will be exhibited. The foundation trustees include Mr. Nixon's brothers, Donald and Edward Nixon; his son-in-law, David Eisenhower; two members of his senior White House staff, Ehrlichman and H. R. Haldeman; Attorney General John N. Mitchell and HEW Secretary Robert Finch; a former law partner, Leonard Garment; and a passel of wealthy friends and campaign contributors. Donors to the foundation will know, however disinterested their motives, that a good many people at the peak and center of power in Nixon's Washington will be aware of their gifts.

The projected California purchase and the unusually early announcement of plans for the Nixon foundation aside, there is nothing extraordinary about this. It has been customary since Franklin Roosevelt's time for privately financed foundations to underwrite and build Presidential libraries. The convention that a retiring President's papers, running nowadays to millions of documents touching every phase of his Administration, are his personal property and subject to his sole control dates from the first Presidency of George Washington. It has never been seriously challenged but it should be challenged now, on two grounds.

Private contributions for the benefit and at the behest, however indirect, of an incumbent President are improper on the face of it. The justification, that they are to facilitate the use of his papers for historical purposes after he leaves office, is not good enough. Congress willingly authorizes and appropriates public funds to pay for the management of each President's papers by the National Archives, and it surely would provide the money to pay for the necessary libraries if they are what they ought to be – public facilities for public use. They are not that now. Ex-President Harry Truman still denies access to many of the most informative of the documents stored at the Truman Library in Independence, Mo. Ex-President Johnson's papers in Texas are open now and for the foreseeable future only to him and to assistants who are working with him on the first of a series of books intended to set forth his story of his Administration, with first attention to his conduct of the Vietnam war. Walt W. Rostow, his former assistant for national security affairs, and William E. Jorden, a former Johnson Administration publicist, are writing their own books from the same sources, while helping Johnson with his. The National Archives will staff the Johnson Library at public expense, as it staffs the Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower libraries and will eventually staff the Nixon Library. But the Archives' only control over access is whatever the respective ex-Presidents, their heirs or their namesake foundations allow. As they say in Johnson country, it ain't right.

COMING: Hans Morgenthau discusses the erosion of the Senate's treaty power

The Treasury Misfires

Few, if any, foundation executives would claim their record is spotless. Foundations have been used to escape taxation, support friends or relatives, and otherwise serve personal rather than public interests.

Some restrictions on foundation activity are therefore welcome. But one, proposed by the Treasury Department on April 22, is not. It reads: "A private foundation (but not other charitable organizations) would be prohibited from engaging in any activity which 'directly affected' a political campaign, regardless of its educational or other connection with the exempt purposes of the organization. Thus, for example, voter registration drives, educational campaigns about issues presented for consideration by the general electorate, or panel discussions with the candidates, would be prohibited."

This amounts to burning down the house to rid it of termites. Tightly construed, this language would prevent many foundation-supported organizations from dealing with any but the most innocuous matters. Educational television, for example, which relies heavily on foundation grants, would presumably be forbidden to use such funds to air any discussion of political candidates or issues that might, somewhere and in some form, be before the electorate.

Bad as they are, these consequences would at least

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be generalized evils. In the case of the proposed restriction on voter registration, the effects would be quite particularized and discriminatory. Many tax-exempt organizations – veterans groups, fraternal orders, labor unions, and a host of "charitable" organizations – carry on political education among their members and in the public forum, including registration and get-out-the-vote campaigns. Under the terms of the Treasury proposal, they would be free to continue doing so. Only foundations would be prohibited. Yet foundations are the principal source of support for efforts to bring the black poor and other disadvantaged minorities into the voting ranks. (The Ford Foundation helped fund a CORE voter registration drive in Cleveland that some credit with electing Carl Stokes the city's first black mayor.)

In the South especially, foundation-supported activity has contributed to the heartening growth in the number of Negro registrants during the last decade. Most of this has been accomplished through the Voter Education Project of the Southern Regional Council. The VEP has operated since 1962 under a set of guidelines, carefully worked out with the Internal Revenue Service, to assure scrupulous nonpartisanship. The job is far from done. Less than half the Negroes of voting age are registered in 27 of 107 Alabama counties; in Georgia, 68 counties have less than 50 percent black registration and 21 have less than 35 percent.

A "clarifying statement" issued by Treasury sought to soften the punch by recommending that publicly supported organizations (under the complicated definition of the Internal Revenue Code) should be eligible to receive foundation support for voter registration programs. But this modification would still exclude most of the groups that are equipped and disposed to do such work among minorities. Reportedly, some of the House Ways and Means Committee's most influential members are committed to a flat prohibition on foundation support of voter registration efforts. If they prevail, they will have dealt another blow to confidence among blacks that the American political system is intended to work for them too.

ABM Cost

In a "fact sheet" printed on White House stationery and sent to newspaper editors around the country, it is claimed that the Administration's ABM proposal would cost "between six and seven billion dollars if the system is completed." In rebuttal, the junior Senator from Ohio, Republican William Saxbe, offered his colleagues the following contrary testimony, which he placed in the *Congressional Record* of May 8:

"Not included in this $6-7 billion figure are research and development costs, costs for operating and maintaining the system, and the cost of the warheads for the Sprint and Spartan missiles. Safeguard will cost $11 billion – not $6-7 billion. The price tag . . . through 1975 will be (in millions):

Perimeter acquisition radar (PAR)	$ 560
Missile site radar (MSR)	1,500
Spartan missile	1,050
Sprint missile	560
Data processing subsystem	1,500
Command, control and communication subsystem	500
Warheads	210
Construction	2,100
Research and development	2,400
Operations and maintenance	700
Total	$11,080

But this $11 billion projection assumes Safeguard will not be expanded or upgraded and that there will be no cost overruns. The reasons why these assumptions are highly questionable are:

"First, since the system does not protect against decoys and the possibility of a sophisticated Chinese threat, it will require more counter-counter-measures as time goes on. Also, there will be continued pressure to

"Most of them like to think of themselves as conservatives."

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expand Safeguard into a population defense system. Second, the possibility of holding Safeguard to its originally planned costs is quite remote. A survey of 12 weapons systems – picked at random – gave a 220 percent average increase in costs over original estimates. The prestigious Brookings Institution completed a recent study which showed weapon system cost increases from 300 to 700 percent over original estimates. . . ." Moreover, how do we know Safeguard won't mushroom into a "thick" system costing much more? The White House answer is: "This may have been a legitimate concern when the previous plan called for a 'thin' system of trying to defend the cities, which carried the possibility of adding to that defense. But the new strategy is to locate missile and radar sites away from our cities, and there is no longer an open-ended possibility of increasing the costs by adopting a 'thick' system."

On the contrary, according to the report Senator Saxbe submits: A "thick" system defending urban areas is just a "thin" missile site system with some radars and interceptors added near cities. "While the Joint Chiefs of Staff," it continues, "publicly reversed their position some weeks ago and settled for a 'thin defense only' they could easily return to their long-standing, unanimous position." Dr. George Kistiakowsky, a former Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology states flatly that "deployment of a 'thin' system would, indeed, be 'open-ended.'" He cannot, he says, "remain unaware of the very substantial momentum that a technological development of the magnitude of our ABM creates."

Hamburger Hill

The weekly toll of Americans killed in Vietnam is up again to an outrageous 430, to which the useless and bloody Hamburger Hill exploit contributed 10 percent. "It was a great victory," said General Melvin Zais whose 101st Airborne finally wrenched the hill from the North Vietnamese. The "victory" cost 46 American dead and 308 wounded. Senator Kennedy called it "senseless and irresponsible to continue to send our young men to their deaths to capture hills and positions that have no relation to ending the conflict." He said that "American boys are too valuable to be sacrificed for a false sense of military pride." The military hotly deny there was human sacrifice to the generals; they say the hill commands a valley two miles from the Laos border, where North Vietnamese may have been gathering to attack. There are innumerable hills in South Vietnam overlooking valleys from which the enemy may erupt. Senator Kennedy's simple point is that the way out of Vietnam isn't through assaulting and capturing Hamburger Hill, the Rockpile, Hill 400 and all the other places Americans have died for and then abandoned.

Defending the generals, Senator Hugh Scott (R., Pa.) declared incredibly that the best way to advance the cause of peace is to continue having confidence in the military. He even threw in his Muse:

> God lives!
> He forged the iron will
> That clutched and held
> That trembling hill.

Scott, however, conceded that he has no notion whether Hamburger Hill was "a military judgment of the highest worth." Colonel Weldon Honeycutt, whose third battalion of the 187th infantry regiment bore the brunt of the 10 days bitter fighting, crisply told a doubting company commander: "You're paid to fight the war, not discuss it." Senator Kennedy begged the President to order "a significant decrease in military operations" in Vietnam. Mr. Nixon refused.

Classroom Gadgetry

A lucid and often very funny new report sprinkles some cold water on extravagant claims put forth for educational technology and "innovation" by gimcrack prophets and the hustlers from the edbiz industries. Its authors, Anthony G. Oettinger and Sema Marks, have worked extensively with computers; Oettinger is a professor of linguistics and applied mathematics at Harvard. *Run, Computer, Run* (Harvard Studies in Technology and Society) surveys a number of the current experimental programs using hardware of one kind or another – particularly language laboratory equipment and computers. It suggests that much of this "innovation" actually makes the educational process more rigid. Far from freeing teachers from routine, the new equipment piles on more mechanical and clerical work: testing, recording, setting things up, storing and installing tapes or programs. The aim is to "individualize" instruction, but this is seldom the result. There is a strong emphasis on planning and maintaining schedules. Often, the protection of expensive equipment takes precedence over learning. (Chewing gum is a major threat.) Under the circumstances, discipline in the new order looks as inane as ever. A lab manual says: "Students should be held responsible for laboratory work even if they have been barred from the laboratory, and they should be tested on their laboratory work." Oettinger and Marks quote one set of laboratory rules that blurt out the main point: "No one is an individual in the laboratory."

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The new technology is neutral to such important matters as grading and grouping patterns, which continue unchanged. The extent to which existing computer-assisted instruction responds to individuals is minimal: most of the programs in use are just expensive page-turners, mechanized versions of materials that could easily be put into a cheap programmed workbook. Theoretically, it's possible to create all sorts of complex, branching programs that can adapt to any number of responses from the student. In our present state of profound ignorance, however, it is hard for any programmer to anticipate more than a few simple alternatives. So the learner has to fit himself to the program, which is where we came in.

Reliability is essential, yet Oettinger and Marks have a number of hilarious illustrations of how far away it is. It took a long time to develop washing machines, telephones, and cars that work more than fitfully, and it will probably take equally long to get instructional machines whose knobs don't fall off. If we do develop serviceable machines, we may discover that they are too expensive for mass use. Estimates for a computer terminal, for example, range from $1.40 to $7 per pupil-hour. In their careful review of current educational spending, Oettinger and Marks don't foresee anything like the mountain of cash that would be necessary for widespread computer instruction. There is no evidence for the proposition – dream for the social engineers, nightmare for teachers – that schools can save money by replacing teachers with computers. In fact, present computer experiments suggest that the advent of the computer and other new complicated gadgets would create a demand for many more highly-trained, higher-paid specialists.

What is happening with computer learning is beginning to resemble what happened with programmed learning, which was also once thought of as the salvation of the education system. Like programmed materials, a few computer methods are beginning to look promising; many others don't. No great revolution has occurred. None seems likely. Mostly, the computer technician's rule of thumb has applied: GIGO, if you put garbage in, you get garbage out.

Oettinger and Marks, nonetheless, believe that the new technology does have a future, and they give two examples. One is a college biology course that makes imaginative use of tapes and scheduling – and the energies of the excellent teacher. The other is some fascinating work with computers in math teaching, building geometric models of algebraic equations, projecting possibilities and alternatives in an open-ended way that actively engages the mind of the learner. (They don't mention O. K. Moore's "talking typewriter," which has always intrigued me.) But if educational technology is to be taken out of the hands of the fools and frauds, they say, there will have to be much more experimenting, financed on a long-term basis, and involving working teachers, which few current projects do. The folly of systems experts and curricular experts remote from the schools who attempt to build a canned "teacher-proof" curriculum is now apparent. Yet conferences on implementing all the new "innovations" continue to meet at tropical resorts; grants are proposed and disposed of, and the legions of the great edbiz go marching on.

Some years ago a number of educators and businessmen became attracted to the idea of applying to the muddled field of education the precise techniques of planning – system analysis and quantitative evaluation – that were believed to have been so successful in the Department of Defense. The new edbiz industries were to be modeled on the advanced defense and aerospace industries; there was hope that profits, too, might be comparable. The edbiz group assumed there were techniques, programmed and computer materials, ready to replace traditional methods of teaching; the problem was dissemination. These claims were what Oettinget and Marks call "fund-oriented." For the systems approach is not entirely suited to the field of education, where most of the problems are human, not technical. Little is known about learning, except that it is much more complex in its sequences and motives than the simple models of the behaviorists, which are drawn from observations of pigeons eating corn friskies, or people in laboratory situations lacking all the variables of a classroom. As with so much military R&D, original exaggerations have hardened into self-deceptions and fraud.

Curiously, the emphasis on what can readily be tested and measured has married the new scientism of the behaviorists with the traditional scholastic verbalism of the schools. For years, the vice of the schools was to teach people to memorize strings of words, instead of getting them to think. Now the new technology stresses what can be measured; and what can be measured, it turns out, is the possession of strings of words. So much for the study of human "behavior."

Run, Computer, Run documents another example of our hunger for simple technological solutions to complex human problems. Oettinger and Marks argue a convincing case, although to explain its significance further would require an expedition into some darker pockets of the national soul. Dimly they see the possibility of a different way of doing things, a humane technology, and so do I. In a profound little book called *The Teacher and the Machine*, Philip W. Jackson warned that the threat is never simply from technology; the threat is people capable of treating other people as machines. School systems are already treating students and teachers as though they were machines. That is the source of our troubles, and that is what has to change.

Joseph Featherstone

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News from Alabama: Wallace Still Lives

Montgomery

The fact that the electorate won't be choosing a President again for a while isn't stopping George Corley Wallace, and from all outward appearances what he's doing keeps bread on the table.

Unlike other defeated candidates, who usually have taken refuge in the practice of law, high finance or the academic life, Wallace has opened a modest office in Montgomery's southern outskirts and reports there nearly every day to oversee what the switchboard operator still calls "The Wallace Campaign." There is no identifying sign on the door, but the trademark can be found in one of the small offices of female paper-shufflers scattered over two floors of the new building not far from the local airport. There, a volunteer opens envelopes, removes checks and notes the senders.

The prime catalyst for the influx of checks is Wallace's monthly newsletter, the third of which is about to go out. Subscribers, solicited from the ever-growing master list of Wallace backers in Alabama and around the country, can buy the letter for $12 a year. It features a Wallace harangue on a selected subject, and application forms for additional subscriptions. The word around Montgomery is that a million copies are being mailed each month, presumably free at first to whet the appetite. If a subscription list of only 100,000 can be built, Wallace will have a nice kitty.

No figures on income are released, nor is it necessary that any public accounting be made, since the Wallace campaign for the time being isn't a campaign for anything. Richard Stone, an Alabama lawyer who runs the office, says no special corporation has been established either, but "we keep good records." The income is sufficient, at any rate, to maintain a staff of 22 clerical and administrative workers, which is not an insignificant operation for an off-off-year. The Democratic National Committee, by comparison, now has only about 75 employees.

Some of Wallace's key aides, however, have gone back to private business, which suggests that the treasury is not overflowing. His two chief lieutenants, Seymore Trammell and Cecil Jackson, are practicing law. His old press secretary, Bill Jones, and Ed Ewing, one of the movers in his extraordinary drive to get on the ballot in all 50 states, have opened a public relations firm, from which Wallace propaganda probably will flow later on.

For all that, there is enough money to keep Wallace in clean shirts – now button-downs instead of tab collars (a fallout from his heavy exposure to the intellectual morons of Eastern campuses during last year's campaign?). He lives in a house in Montgomery with his eight-year-old daughter and teen-age son, with a maid to help but no housekeeper. His office is early governor-in-exile: large mahogany desk, a leather armchair given to him at a Southern Governors' Conference, the flags of state and country behind him, walls covered with campaign photos. Facing him on the opposite wall is his certificate of appreciation from the National Press Club. He once was refused the certificate, causing him to complain that "they even gave one to them Communists, Castro and Khrushchev."

A typical morning for Wallace has him calling an old supporter facing surgery and wishing him well ("Well, you gonna be all right. We thinkin' of you, y'hear?"), shaking hands with out-of-state visitors, who somehow manage to find the office ("You folks up in Ohio sure were good to us last year. We sure appreciated it. You tell your friends we said hello, y'hear?"), greeting two local boys just selected for the Naval Academy ("That's in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. I ran real good up there in 1964. Well, I'm real proud of you boys."). He grants no formal interviews, but will reminisce for hours, provided no intimidating pen and pencil are produced.

The most noteworthy point that can be drawn from it all is that Wallace is keeping his hand in for the future, and the future he sees seems almost entirely personal. Inquiries about what he may be doing to start a third-party movement at the grass roots by running candidates for local, congressional and state offices are dismissed with obvious lack of interest. The direction of the nation is what "the folks" who support the movement are concerned about, and it takes a national campaign (and a charismatic figure) to affect that direction. Wallace doesn't demonstrate much interest in Alabama state politics now, which suggests he wants no fight for the governorship against incumbent Albert Brewer next year. Brewer, who succeeded after the death of Wallace's wife Lurleen, avoids any row with Wallace but insists he will seek a full term on his own.

Six months after 10 million Americans voted for him to be President, George Wallace is building a financial base for the long pull and waiting for President Nixon to give him new targets at which to shoot. "We gonna give him a little time," he told one of his Ohio callers who inquired about 1972, "we gotta give him time to show what he's gonna do."

All through 1967, Wallace prefaced his formal entry into the Presidential race with a warning that if the two national parties didn't "fly right," he'd run himself. His 1968 campaign, he has convinced himself, moved both parties toward his own positions. He takes particular comfort in Nixon's get-tough attitude on crime and campus disorder. But the warning remains: if Nixon and the national Democrats don't fly right, George Wallace will again be Standing Up for America.

Jules Witcover

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Something New in Student Strikes

Ann Arbor

Over 1,200 University of Michigan students are battling private off-campus landlords in a three-month-old rent strike. The students have deposited $125,000 of back rent in a Windsor, Canada bank to prevent police seizure and have filed an antitrust suit in federal court against the city's eight major apartment management firms. Landlords may have no choice in this well-to-do town, where almost everyone important is a realtor or a realtor's friend. So far, strikers have blocked the courts from breaking the strike by jamming the dockets with lengthy eviction trials – initiated at landlord expense. No one has been evicted yet. The escrow account is growing fatter.

Since 1960, new apartment units have mushroomed at an average rate of 900 per year, replacing the traditional rooming houses. With off-campus living quarters at a premium, private landlords name their price and terms. Rents carry the price tag of luxury living – $280-350 per month for a two-bedroom, five-man apartment, according to a student survey – but their cheap construction and often substandard maintenance make them "luxury slums," in the strike vernacular. City hall files bulge with thousands of uncorrected housing violations – deteriorating, peeling walls, crumbling stairways, dangerous electrical circuits, broken plumbing. And since the vacancy rate is as low as one percent, large management firms have rammed nonnegotiable 12-month leases down student throats, although most students are in town only eight months.

Ten firms own most of the city's housing (three alone have cornered the majority) and fellow realtors, landlords and developers sit on the district court bench, on the city council, and the zoning commission. The university, furthermore, has failed to provide moderate- or low-cost housing for undergraduates – one double bedroom plus meals in a dormitory costs $125 per month per person. So students have had little choice – submit, or look elsewhere for an education.

The basic strike demand is recognition of a tenants union as bargaining agent in all future landlord-student negotiations. Students are also seeking substantial rent reductions – a 1965 study by a university instructor showed net profit returns as high as 18 to 25 percent over and above property taxes – and a return to rooming house days when tenants could write their own leases.

To strike, tenants simply deposit their monthly rent in a Windsor bank account (where it earns healthy interest, which helps pay strike expenses) and sit tight until landlords start eviction proceedings in court. According to state tenants-right laws passed last spring, tenants can't be evicted until landlords first serve them a notice to quit, and then obtain a court order. Even then, tenants have ten days to pay their rent and maintain possession of the apartment. "Our strategy is to force every landlord who has tenants withholding rent to go to the time and expense of a jury trial in order to get his money back," says Dale Berry, a university law student who has coordinated the strike's legal defense force. Strikers figure it would take years for landlords to process every tenant through a trial. Most of the strikers expect they will have to repay their rents eventually, but while they stall, the escrow account grows bigger and the landlords' legal expenses get higher.

A team of 70 law students has amassed a battery of defenses to show the court why tenants have good cause to strike – causes a jury should consider. Building violations (every striker has combed his apartment with a violation guidebook in hand) and unfair clauses in leases figure prominently in the defense (some leases, for example, state that the landlord may throw tenants onto the street when the rent is seven days overdue – a violation of state law).

So far, the defense has worked better than the union hoped. Strikers got two of Ann Arbor's three district judges disqualified on conflict of interest (each owns rental property, and one owns an exterminating service that does business with firms involved in the strike). Of 63 court summonses since the strike began, less than 10 have reached trial stage, where juries awarded the tenants significant rent reductions (a faulty shower nozzle was good for a $20 reduction in one case; general building violations were worth a $480 reduction in another).

Eight tenants have also filed an anti-trust suit under the Sherman Act against the major realty firms in federal court. The suit, a class action, charges the firms have conspired under the aegis of an Ann Arbor property management association to fix rents, terms of leases, and to control the supply of new rental housing on the open market. The firms flatly deny the charges, and insist they have never heard of the management association – past issues of the city's establishment newspaper *The Ann Arbor News,* however, quote the same landlords identifying themselves as representatives of the association.

In response, the landlords have filed two separate suits against strikers for over $1.7 million in damages, charging the students have conspired to libel and slander the firms, break sound leases and turn private property over to the public. Landlords lost the first round when a district judge refused to issue a temporary injunction against the strike. Every striker is equipped with detailed legal instructions should his landlord knock on the door ("Warn him that if he touches you he will be liable for a battery . . .") and

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the union operates a 14-hour-a-day emergency call service which can rush strike lawyers into action.

Almost every campus organization from the fraternities to the young socialists has supported the strike – only SDS refrains ("too bourgeois reformist"). The United Auto Workers gave the strike an unconditional $1,000 check. The university is "absolutely neutral," says Vice President Barbara Newell.

Daniel Zwerdling

MR. ZWERDLING *is a staff editor on* The Michigan Daily.

What's Inside the Fortune Cookie?

Taiwan's Future Under Chiang, Jr.

by Alex Campbell

Taipei

About the time the Chinese Communist Party held its ninth congress in Peking, the Kuomintang had its tenth congress here. Things moved in parallel. The purpose of the Peking congress was to make it official that Mao Tse-tung's successor is Lin Piao, but also to indicate that while he lives, Mao is still in charge. The KMT congress was attended by 1,200 delegates and "observers," including an 11-man team from South Vietnam led by Senator Tran Von Don. Representatives of the 12 million "overseas Chinese" were brought in from Hong Kong, Singapore, Djakarta, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur and elsewhere (Taipei hails all overseas Chinese as citizens of "China"; Peking has renounced the double citizenship concept). The KMT made strenuous efforts to attract younger people. The average age of the 1,200 delegates was given as 46, whereas five years ago at the party's ninth congress the average age of delegates was 48. Nevertheless, the tenth congress was heavily weighted with elderly Kuomintang members and officials. These ancients acknowledged Chiang Kai-shek's son, Chiang Ching-kuo, as Chiang's heir, but confirmed that Chiang Kai-shek is still the man in charge.

Thus Chinese politics in both "Chinas" is now an affair of geriatrics. Now in his eighties (even Chiang Ching-kuo is in his mid-fifties), Chiang Kai-shek is rarely seen (and has vowed never to leave the island until he can once again set foot on the Chinese mainland). When the old man does make a public appearance, he is invariably surrounded by scores of bodyguards. He is partial to short trips by air; when he flies, all other aircraft are grounded. No other building overlooks his residence on Taiwan; all buildings that did were razed. This Emperor-complex, which shows no sign of diminishing with advancing years, quite the contrary, is increasingly out of key with the dismal realities of the generalissimo's position and power in the world, if not on Taiwan. In spite of his well-publicized vow, not even the China Lobby hints there's any longer a possible return to the mainland. American military aid to Taiwan still goes on, but at a shrinking $50 million or less a year. The Seventh Fleet that nominally protects Taiwan from possible onslaught from Peking – or vice versa? – is busier these days in the Bay of Tonkin than in the Taiwan Straits. The Vietnam war has temporarily boosted the number of American military either based on or passing through Taiwan, but nobody including Chiang seriously expects this will continue when the war is over. If in order to appease Japan the United States soon removes from Okinawa the nuclear warheads it has never officially admitted to be there, perhaps the least likely place for them to be removed to is Taiwan, 337 miles closer to the Chinese mainland than Okinawa is.

In short, the aged Chiang feels rightly that he is being put on the shelf by the United States, and none too stealthily.

In a remarkable speech at the Chinese New Year, he startingly accused Mao Tse-tung of "destroying" Marxism. While everyone was still dazedly muttering, "How's that again?", Taipei wall slogans denouncing Soviet Russia were scrubbed. These happenings were immediately preceded by a visit to Taipei, and talks with leading KMT officials, by a Soviet "journalist," Victor Louis, a smooth, Kremlin-directed intriguer. About the same time, Professor Ku Yu-hsiu, once a delegate to the Taiwan National Assembly and still by Taiwan law a citizen of "China" although he's now an American, visited Moscow to attend an engineering conference. Sheer coincidence, the professor says.

Moscow and Taipei at last have something in common. The Sino-Soviet quarrel has reached the ominous stage of military clashes in Manchuria and Sinkiang. Chiang's 500,000 soldiers on Taiwan, though aging, still pin down in Canton almost half (56 divisions) of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Old men vividly recall their youth, and part of Chiang's was passed in Russia. He may hope for a trade deal with Moscow – Russia is seeking Asian trade contacts, from Singapore to Tokyo – perhaps even arms (it costs $275-million a year, most of his budget, to maintain Chiang's big armed forces). At the least, an apparent rapprochement between Moscow and Taipei would be bad news for Peking. The KMT congress agreed to "step

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up psychological warfare against the Mao Tse-tung regime, which has been pushed by its own violent internal struggles for power to the brink of destruction."

However, it seems improbable that Chiang Ching-kuo will attempt to carry on Dad's new foreign policy, once Chiang goes. If anything, he's likelier to turn up on the other side of Sino-Soviet tension. Peking might be prepared to pay his price, which would be to be left in charge of Taiwan. A Taiwan that was virtually autonomous but legally part of China could give Peing two voices and votes in the United Nations, just as the Soviet Union thanks to the Ukraine and Byelo-Russia has three. The gathering quarrel with Russia could make UN membership not merely attractive but urgent for Peking. It has long been fervently believed on Taiwan that Chiang Ching-kuo has always had his own line to Peking.

Chiang Ching-kuo strikes people he meets as a rather shy fellow, quiet to the point of being dull. In terms of political power, this is deceptive. He is a formidable political boss. His manners are simple, he travels without bodyguards or keeps them well in the background, and he betrays no Emperor-complex. This plain style is deliberate and has good reasons. In 1947, the Taiwanese rebelled against the harsh Kuomintang rule then being imposed on them, and Chiang Ching-kuo helped suppress the rebels ruthlessly; 20,000 people were butchered. For 22 years, he has sought by self-effacement to soften his image, adopting what Japanese call "a low posture."

The biggest thing Chiang Junior has going for him is Taiwan's impressive economic growth, which averages an annual nine percent, more than double the US rate. American economic aid, totaling $1.4 billion from 1951 to 1965, when it ceased, gave Taiwan's economy a huge shove. The island's prosperity is built on pineapples, bananas, textiles, cement and petrochemicals. American aid also financed a successful land reform. The other side of the coin is that strikes are forbidden, factory girls earn only $15 a month, but foreign capital gets the red carpet – no income-tax for five years, unlimited repatriation of profits. But the businessmen among the 10-million native Taiwanese have done well out of the boom, even though "mainlanders" usually get most of the government favors in the way of credit and patronage.

The native Taiwanese, who outnumber the "mainlanders" five to two, are descendants of Chinese who emigrated from the mainland two or three centuries back. There are also some remnants of aboriginal tribes on Taiwan, who used to be head-hunters but are now just tame Indians with colorful dances. Japan took Taiwan from China by conquest and by treaty in the nineteenth century. When Japan surrendered at the end of the Second World War, Taiwan had been under Japanese rule for 50 years, as long as the United States held the Philippines. Venture only a little way outside Taipei, and the culture of the villages seems more Japanese than Chinese. Certainly the Taiwanese don't share the mainlanders' professed anxiety to return one day to the Chinese mainland. If they absolutely had to choose between being ruled by China or Japan they might very well pick Japan. Their actual wish however is to be left alone. Home rule would be fine. Meanwhile, though there's been a certain amount of intermarrying with mainlanders, and though some Taiwanese occupy important posts – but oftener by appointment than election, so they can be fired quickly – the Taiwanese prefer to refuse such appointment, as politely as possible, and hold aloof from politics.

For this there are solid, grim reasons. In spite of his "low posture," Chiang Ching-kuo is a man who is feared. The political machine that the tenth congress of the Kuomintang oiled and cleaned for his future use is in large degree an apparatus of dictatorship. The political terror it dispenses is low-key. Its implements are intimidation and blackmail rather than executions and brutal purges. It is nevertheless political terror, as in Greece, Spain and other totalitarian countries.

Army units are stationed in every village on Taiwan; they act as the government's eyes and ears. There are spies and informers everywhere, even high schools. Recently informers turned in two high school kids who, in what seems to have been mainly ill-timed jest, raised three cheers for Mao Tse-tung. The kids got three years. This sort of thing helps explain why fully 97 percent of 2,000 college graduates who go abroad each year for advanced study fail to come home. Businessmen who go overseas know their relatives are hostages for their behavior abroad and for their return. Two other political parties besides the KMT nominally exist on Taiwan, the Young China Party and the Democratic Socialists; nobody can ever find them.

This hidebound system is now beginning to be counter-productive. The effect on students of unremitting, unintelligent anti-Communist propaganda is to convince some of them that Mao Tse-tung must be all right, not all wrong. Consequently, Chiang Ching-kuo wants to ease up a little. By his persuasion, informers now have a harder time swearing away someone's freedom; they may go to jail, perhaps for life, if the accused can prove they lied. Chiang Ching-kuo will not relinquish power if he can help it; where would he go? But he may be seeking a broader political base among the Taiwanese, who resent their taxes being spent chiefly on an army that has no real function. As mainlanders' memories of the mainland fade, along with Taiwanese bitter memories of the 1947 massacre, there begin to appear the first glimmerings of a deal between Chiang Ching-kuo and the Taiwanese, as well as between Chiang and Peking.

Next: A report from Seoul on the two Koreas.

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Wild Blue Wonders

High Flying in The Pentagon

by Andrew Hamilton

Four days after Robert S. McNamara left the Pentagon, the Navy's top admirals went to Capitol Hill and said they no longer wanted the Navy version of the F-111, the much hated TFX, which McNamara had ramrodded through the Air Force and Navy brass. Instead, said the blue-suited admirals, they had their eyes on a nice new fighter, which they called the VFX-1. The Armed Services Committees obligingly killed the Navy F-111 and gave the service funds to develop the new swing-wing supersonic aircraft, now known as the F-14 A. That was a fateful step, for the Air Force rushed in with a claim for its own supersonic fighter, the F-15. It was an election year, a hard time to deny the military something that might become a campaign issue, and anyway Defense Secretary Clark M. Clifford was engrossed in the Vietnam war. The Air Force got its fighter. Finally, this year, to leave no doubt that the long drought for the airmen was over, Defense Secretary Melvin R. Laird let the Air Force proceed with the development of a new supersonic bomber known as the Advanced Manned Strategic Aircraft (AMSA) – a decision the Air Force had been denied for years under McNamara. It was the first go-ahead for a new bomber since the mid-1950's.

Consequently, the defense budget now before Congress proposes funds for three new aircraft that represent a much greater potential waste of national resources than even the Army's Safeguard anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system. Over ten years, these three programs could cost the taxpayer $30 billion or more to buy and a great deal – perhaps twice as much – to operate and maintain. Three billion dollars a year, if invested in federal domestic programs, would:

- nearly double federal support for primary and secondary education; or
- double federal job and training programs for the unemployed and disadvantaged; or
- nearly double the present level of federal public assistance (income support) grants; or
- triple the present level of food assistance programs to combat hunger; or
- provide nearly 20 times the present level of federal assistance for urban mass transportation.

It is hard to see how the taxpayer will get comparable value from the three new aircraft.

The basic justification for the Navy's new plane is that it combines the fleet air defense mission formerly planned for the F-111-B with the characteristics of an "agile" dogfighter to protect beachheads and bombing aircraft from enemy fighters. The Navy had planned to buy about 200 F-111-B's at about $10 million each for fleet air defense, primarily against a putative threat of Soviet maritime bombers armed with missiles. The F-111-B was basically a platform for the complex Phoenix missile and fire-control system, which allows a single aircraft to engage six separate attackers simultaneously. Cost for the system, about $2 billion. Simul-

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taneously, the Navy wanted a replacement for the McDonnell-Douglas F-4 Phantom to handle dogfighting chores. In 1966, the Navy estimated that the replacements for the Phantom would cost approximately $4 million each. A thousand would have cost about $4 billion. But the F-14, which combines the missions of the Phantom and the F-111-B, will cost at least as much per copy as the F-111-B, and probably more, according to present industry estimates. The Navy claims it will be about $6 million a copy, but is surely understating the cost by half. The fire-control system of the F-14 appears to be even more complex and costly than that of the F-111-B, the engine will be an improved version of the F-111 engine (to be replaced later by an even more expensive engine now under development), and the costly swing-wing airframe is basically similar. Moreover, a portion of the development costs of the F-111 obviously must be ascribed to the F-14, which is a derivative. Also, costs of manufacturing aircraft continue to escalate rapidly. So a thousand F-14's – the potential size of the purchase, if fighter, missile platform, attack and reconnaissance missions are assigned – will probably cost $12 billion and more in production costs alone. This expensive new aircraft will provide about the same amount of fleet protection as the now abandoned Navy TFX. And judging by the projected size of the F-14, it looks hardly as agile as the Phantom for dogfighting. (That's assuming the weight remains as low as predicted, a risky assumption.) In short, the switch to the F-14 engineered by the Navy last year will cost the taxpayers at least twice as much in procurement funds as the program the Navy planned in 1966, but with little gain in combat capability.

The cost of the new F-14 is even more striking when compared to the option of buying improved Phantom F-4's. If one uses the common rule of thumb that the "10-year systems cost" of an aircraft – procurement, operations and maintenance – is roughly 3 times the procurement cost alone, then 1,000 F-14's at $12 million a copy would actually cost $36 billion over 10 years. That is 4 times as much as it would cost to buy and operate 1,000 improved Phantoms. (A Defense Department study using slightly lower figures reportedly determined last year that the 10-year systems cost of the F-14 would be about 26 billion, or about 3 times as much as the Phantom.)

That is not an idle comparison, for there appear to be very good reasons to question the need for replacing the Phantom. As the Senate Defense Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee noted last year in a study of tactical airpower, the Soviet supersonic bomber-plus-missile threat, predicted by the Navy for ten years, which the F-111-B was designed to counteract, "is either limited or does not exist." That appears to dismiss the need for a special aircraft for fleet air defense. And the requirement for a new "agile" fighter seems equally marginal. The F-14 is intended to combat improved Soviet dogfighting aircraft, but here again the threat is limited or does not exist. While pilots who want an improved aircraft rate the Mig-21 a better dogfighter than the Phantom, the record of the Vietnam war shows that the American jet can hold its own. Counting all models of Migs and various kinds of American fighter bombers, American pilots have shot down 111 enemy aircraft in air-to-air engagements while losing 48 of their own aircraft – and the Americans were fighting directly over the home territory of the Migs. Navy and Air Force demands for a new "agile" fighter won an attentive hearing in Congress two years ago after the Russians showed off two very fast new fighter-interceptors at a Moscow air show. The Foxbat, or Mig 23, which set world speed records, and the Sukhoi Flagon-A are rated Mach 2.5 to Mach 3 aircraft (2.5 to 3 times the speed of sound), compared to Mach 2.2 for the Phantom and Mach 2.5 for the F-14. But the Russian aircraft appear to surrender maneuverability and range to gain speed. "The Foxbat does not possess exceptional maneuverability," the Secretary of the Air Force told Congress this month. Defense Department studies have determined that the "optimal" speeds for dogfighting are between Mach 0.8 and Mach 1.5, well within the capability of the Phantom. In short, the F-14 looks like a classic example of what McNamara used to call "goldplating," like buying a fleet of new Rolls Royces to replace some perfectly serviceable Fords. Whatever happened to cost-effectiveness?

The Air Force claims to be rather more sensible about its agile fighter program than the Navy. It plans to build a single-purpose aircraft and keep the price down around $5 million a copy. But the Air Force history of understating costs is by now notorious. And the F-15 sounds very much like a slightly smaller, hotter Phantom – which the Air Force also flies – with the inevitable addition of more sophisticated electronics. It will cost several times as much as the plane it is scheduled to replace. The likely cost to buy 500 F-15's is somewhere between $4 billion and $5 billion if normal cost increases occur. And, as mentioned above, the requirement for a new dogfighting aircraft seems flimsy. It's another example of buying more defense than necessary.

The AMSA program is perhaps the strangest of the three. The Air Force says it merely wants to produce one or two prototypes of a new, supersonic intercontinental bomber (in a development program estimated by industry to cost $2 billion alone). But if the devel-

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opment program is successful, the Air Force surely will ask then for procurement of a reasonably large number of these bombers to replace the B-52 fleet in the late 1970's. Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.), who has looked into the AMSA project, told the Senate recently he was informed that the Air Force wants 240 of these new aircraft at a price presently estimated to be $50 million each. If Congress approves the proposed engineering development program for AMSA, Proxmire said, "we essentially back into a new manned bomber program which will cost at least $12 billion and which will not be delivered until 1977. In addition, the history of both costs and delivery dates for major weapons systems is such that they routinely are delivered two to three years late and at costs which greatly exceed estimates. In my judgment, then, we are talking about a fleet of 240 planes which will be delivered a decade from now at a cost of at least $24 billion." Proxmire wrote to Laird last month asking answers to six questions concerning the projected size of the AMSA fleet and the need for such an expensive new aircraft. He observed that "the country and the Congress should know what it is doing" before committing itself to AMSA. The Pentagon's answers came back four weeks later, stamped secret.

Air Force Secretary Robert C. Seamans, Jr. recently told Congress that "perhaps our most urgent requirement is to move ahead with modernization of our bomber force." That is the message that the Strategic Air Command generals have been trying to sell since the late 1950's, well before the last B-52 bomber came off the production lines. The House and Senate Armed Services Committees have been enthusiastic backers of a new bomber (they helped keep the B-70 project alive long after it became apparent that there was no real need for the Mach 3 behemoth, which eventually cost the Pentagon $1.5 billion). But the Defense Secretaries in the last two Administrations did not agree, no matter how much the Air Force refined its pitch, although they accepted the Air Force contention that a "mixed force" of bombers and missiles made sense. According to this argument, US bombers compel the Soviet Union to spend substantial sums on anti-aircraft systems – sums which otherwise might be spent on offensive weapons or anti-ballistic missile systems.

Secretaries McNamara and Clifford also accepted the contention that US bombers must represent a "credible" threat – that is, they must appear capable of penetrating Soviet air defenses in sufficient numbers to inflict heavy damage with their nuclear weapons. But the two men contended that B-52's would be able to do the job at least through the 1970's, if equipped with such "penetration aids" as air-to-ground missiles, decoys and electronic countermeasures. Clifford told Congress in January that, while the Soviet Union might at some point in the future develop a radically improved air defense system, there was no need to begin full-scale development of an improved bomber "until we have some evidence that the threat is actually beginning to emerge." He particularly stressed the complementary nature of the strategic forces, implying that a decision to proceed with AMSA need not be taken unless the Soviets showed evidence of combining new air defenses with an equally radical strengthening of their offensive and defensive missile systems, and that even then AMSA might be less desirable than a corresponding improvement in US offensive and defensive missiles. In short AMSA was a very low priority project, not a "most urgent requirement."

Today the Air Force confesses that there is still no evidence of a Soviet air-defense threat sufficient to justify AMSA. But it argues that the new bomber will take eight years to develop, while intelligence forecasts of Soviet defenses can look only five years ahead. So it is important to proceed now with the development of an AMSA prototype to avoid possible "technological surprise." Then if the "threat" begins to materialize, AMSA will be ready for production. That approach seems destined to guarantee AMSA production, because if the Soviets take the AMSA seriously they must come up with something to defend against it.

According to many defense officials outside the Air Force, that service's campaign for a new bomber has relatively little to do with national defense needs. Rather, the Air Force is said to want a new bomber because the dominant Strategic Air Command generals, for their own narrow professional and prestige reasons, want to fend off the possibility that SAC may someday become an all-missile, earth-bound command. They are said to fear it would then have to shut down its many airbases and get rid of thousands of pilots, aircrewmen and ground personnel. SAC might become something of a backwater command. SAC is a very hard bureaucracy to cut back. Several years ago McNamara announced plans to reduce the SAC bomber fleet from over 600 B-52's and B-58's to approximately 250 late-model B-52's. Simultaneously, he announced that SAC would be equipped with 210 FB-111's, a strategic bomber version of the TFX. The Air Force took the FB-111 as the best deal it could get, although it carries only two men and lacks the range and payload to get at many targets in the Soviet Union. But somehow the bomber fleet reduction has never taken place, in part because older-model B-52's got a new lease on life when they were adapted for use in Vietnam. The Air Force still has some 640 strategic bombers (compared to 150 for the Soviets) that cost about $2 billion a year to run, keep up, and modernize. Now Defense Secretary Laird has cut the projected FB-111 force to 60 aircraft in part because AMSA will be coming along, and Air Force Secretary Seamans told Congress this month that "we will reconsider" the B-52/B-58 deactivation plan.

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Visit To a Shrine

by Mary Keohane

In every respect but one Leiston is indistinguishable from a hundred other English towns. It is two miles from the sea, at the edge of the featureless Suffolk plain. One approaches it on a road lined with dull red-brick houses inhabited mainly by employees of the Garrett Engineering Works ("Established 1778, Machine Tools and General Engineering"). Here and there the monotony is broken by a twentieth-century Tudor "cottage," its lawn and flower-beds enclosed by a fence and its name genteelly inscribed on the gate: Penhurst, Pinecroft, Mayfield. The town map on the Post Office wall makes no mention of the one institution which, for the past 40 years, has transformed this undistinguished town into a most unlikely Mecca.

Pilgrims from all over the world come here to see Summerhill, the "free school" described in the books of A. S. Neill. Here, these books say, children grow happily, unhampered by adult-devised rules and curricula. Here, according to the quotation of his book-jackets, "its founder has proved (despite much discouragement and revilement) one simple truth – *freedom works.*" A New York Summerhill Society lists schools that "follow the Summerhill philosophy," and Neill's books have been translated into the major languages of the world – including Japanese.

The map failing me, I inquired the way from the landlady at the White Horse. "It's just over there," she pointed. "Walk across the railway tracks, turn left, and there's the wall. You can't miss it."

I crossed the tracks, turned left between the dingy station and the white frame headquarters of the Leiston Squadron, Air Training Corps, and saw ahead of me, facing the long loading platform and the Engineering Works beyond, a high brick wall. Fifty yards or so further on a sign at the gate read *Summerhill School.* Suddenly, as I rounded a curve, a large red-dish-brown brick house appeared beyond an expanse of nettles and quackgrass.

The place seemed deserted. A little hesitantly, I opened the front door, to be met by the sound of a Beatles record from somewhere upstairs, and the sight of a large uncurtained room furnished only with a gymnasium horse and a ladder of sorts. On one wall was a mostly bare bulletin-board: a typed list of house mothers with their charges; a plea not to go swimming alone; a handwritten schedule of classes, listing conventional school subjects – history, English, Latin, French, biology, chemistry, physics, and mathematics – as well as workshop and handcrafts. I had practically memorized the schedule by the time a middle-aged woman with a pleasant face and a skirt well below her knees came down the hall and asked, in a heavy Teutonic accent, how she could help me.

> "Do you think it would be possible for me to visit some classes?"
>
> "You could come to mine. I'm Ulla. I teach needlework. Or perhaps you'd be more interested in Oliver's history class. Audrey has a group in English literature, too."

Following Ulla's directions, I proceeded down the long hall. An open door to my left led into a kind of Common Room. Again, the windows were uncurtained and the walls and floors were bare, but there were several pieces of furniture: a sofa with its slip-cover half torn off, a chair with the brown leatherette ripped from one arm to reveal the board frame, two or three upholstered pieces with their springs exposed. To my right was the dining-room: bare white-painted walls, high metal backless stools, linoleum-topped tables. Leaving by the side door, I walked past the overgrown cabbage patch to the shed which housed the history class. It seemed to house science also, for on the wide windowsill a very dusty microscope stood beside sliding, unsteady heaps of ragged books.

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A young man with the build of a football player approached. "Are you Oliver?" He nodded. "May I sit in on your class?" "I can't teach with visitors around." Proceeding past another side of the cabbage patch to Audrey's room in a frame one-story addition, I encountered a locked door. A child wandering nearby explained that no one was coming to class so the teacher had left.

Ulla's needlework group met in her own bedroom on the second floor of the main building. A girl of about 16 was stitching a shift on the sewing machine; two others sprawled on the bed awaiting their turns; a fourth appealed for help in pinning a collar pattern to the cloth. One of the girls had a racking cough. "What do you do when your children are sick?" I asked. "There's a hospital in Ipswich [20 miles away]. But the children are hardly ever sick. Sickness is mostly psychological anyhow, you know." "My cough isn't," objected the girl. "Can I have some more cough medicine?"

"What do you think of this?" a student asked, holding up a black rag doll in a pair of purple slacks. "It's awful!" Ulla smiled as she said it. "You're bitchy," retorted the girl, spitting at her. "I *really* think it's beautiful," Ulla corrected herself.

Neill denigrates intellectuality, but he has always praised creativity. Except for the highly conventional sewing, however, I saw no creative work of any sort at Summerhill. No children's paintings adorn the bare walls: "If we had paintings on the dining-room walls," Neill explained, "the children would just throw food at them." But there were none in the other common rooms either. No handicrafted articles were to be seen; a half-finished scarf lay on a loom in Ulla's room, but that was her own work. "The children aren't interested in weaving." That universal creative outlet for country-dwelling Englishmen, gardening, was conspicuously neglected.

Back at the White Horse the landlady demanded, "And what did you think of that dreadful place?" "Why do you call it dreadful?" I parried. "The children look so dirty and neglected." "Do they bother you? Do they break your windows or anything like that?" She had no complaint of their conduct.

Saturday morning, in unaccustomed sunshine, I made my way to Summerhill again, and sauntered over to where workmen were pouring cement for the new swimming-pool. Two or three girls eight or nine years old were watching the proceedings. "Are you an American?" one asked me. "I am too. So is Shirley, and Mary is half-American." Two out of three Summerhillians are Americans. "America is better than here," Shirley volunteered. "I mean to leave at the end of this term. I've been here two years and that's plenty long enough – I'm getting *bored*." "My mom says she's found a day school for me," declared Mary. "I'd *like* to go to a day school."

A couple of little boys attached themselves to us. "Can you play pingpong?" they asked. We trooped over to the games room, the open second floor above the locked workshop. There were a dusty table, a tattered net, and one paddle, but a search of the shelves and floor, littered with chessmen, checkers, and miscellaneous paraphernalia, revealed no ball or second paddle. The attempt to play pingpong was abandoned, as was indeed the attempt to play any game requiring equipment. Summerhill children are free from many restrictions other youngsters bear. It is not always clear what they are free for.

They proposed a trip to the big beech tree. On the path we encountered a youngster of about six playing with a slingshot. He dropped it and ran up to me. "Will you hold my hand?" he begged. "Can I show you around?" The beech-tree was magnificent, and a loop-ended rope hanging from one branch made a splendid swing. Nearby an abandoned and overturned car was a playhouse, its one remaining wheel a merry-go-round.

Dickie was still holding my hand when I said I had to go. "Can we go to the White Horse with you?" "If you get permission." "Ena will let us go." The children hesitated at the gate of the Neill garden. "*You* go ask," said the oldest, and when I refused to proceed alone she remained behind while the rest of us approached the back door. A stocky woman in her forties, with rosy cheeks, straight black hair drawn into a bun, and a no-nonsense look about her, answered our knock. "Can we go to the White Horse with *her*?" "NO!" The door was firmly closed.

Like a retiring Pied Piper I made my way to the main entrance. A car braked to a stop behind us. "What are you children doing down here?" demanded Ena Neill. "You know you aren't allowed at this end of the grounds!" They scattered, I walked on, and Ena drove past me towards the town.

The Saturday night meeting was to be the high point of my Summerhill visit. "Summerhill is a self-governing school, democratic in form," writes A. S. Neill. "Everything connected with the social, or group life, including punishments for social offenses, is settled by vote at the Saturday night General School meeting. Each member of the teaching staff and each child, regardless of his age, has one vote. My vote carries the same weight as that of a seven-year-old."

So here I was, sitting, with some 80 others – visitors, staff, and children from 4 to 17 years of age – on the floor in the entrance-hall meeting-room, Dickie beside me again holding my hand. A. S. Neill, a white-haired, ruddy-faced Scotsman, sat in the only chair with a little girl on his lap. The chairman, an American boy of about 14, asked the meeting to come to order. It didn't. "SHUT UP!" It did.

Carla, a girl in her late teens who seemed to be a

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staff member, protested against people congregating on the fire escape in front of her window. "It's an invasion of my privacy, and I want it stopped. And another thing: you've got to wear tennis shoes on the tennis court." Neill asked her to explain why. "Well, hard shoes break up the court and if you don't wear any shoes you might get tetanus. There's lots of tetanus in Suffolk and if you get tetanus you've *had* it." The adolescent boy sitting next to Dickie raised his head with a flicker of interest, then put it down in his arms again.

"Any other business?" asked the chairman. A little girl wanted something done about the suppers. "They're just . . . ugh!" "So are you," retorted a chorus. She continued: "Could we anyhow have something like a big meal at supper and a small one at lunch?" Some staff member explained that the kitchen help didn't have time to clear up after a big meal at night.

Mitch, about 15, objected to the "terrific row" at mealtimes. When the cries of "SHUT UP!" had subsided, he repeated stubbornly, "I think people should be a little quieter." Carla retorted, "My table makes a lot of noise and Mitch's table makes a lot of noise, and they yell at each other to shut up and that makes more noise."

Robert said the milometer had been stolen from his bike. "Does anybody have any idea who might have taken it?" asked the chairman. Silence. One of the staff moved, "If it isn't brought back by the end of the week, we should buy Robert another out of the fund." Put to the vote, this proposal was supported by eight hands; no opposition was called for.

Ulla asked how many wanted to make baskets; she needed to order materials. "I don't think Ulla ought to have basketweaving, it's a waste of her time," protested one of the girls I had seen in needlecraft. "I move basket-work be stopped." "All against basket-work, raise your hands," ordered the chairman. Half-a-dozen hands went up. "Never mind, I know how many want to do basket-weaving," Ulla remarked calmly.

Ulla reported the loss of a screwhead and a sprinkler and requested their return. "Will people *please* stop playing in the soiled laundry closet?" another staff member pleaded. "It's dirty enough without trampling and doing other things on it.'" Neill said it was about time to have a fire drill. The chairman asked when it should be. "That's up to the meeting." "Does everyone agree to two o'clock tomorrow?" There was no objection. The meeting adjourned.

Half-a-dozen visitors followed Neill into the dining-room. Three of the older Summerhill children and one staff member came along. Neill asked for questions.

"Your books say that the children make the rules, but did they make the rule that they can't leave the grounds without permission?" "You have to consider the safety factor, after all," Neill demurred. Others who have visited Summerhill also report that he has not quite, as he claims, renounced "all discipline, all direction, all moral training." As Headmaster he *does* issue certain prohibitions; he won't have liquor or drugs for example. Herb Snitzer transcribed Neill's words at one school meeting:

> "Well, I'm going to tell you somethiing. You have to choose whether you smoke here or not. If you're going to smoke here, you're not coming back. . . . Only the community can punish, but I can say, all right, if you don't want to live the Summerhill way, you're not coming back. . . . So don't feel you can come here, and do as you like. You can't."

With these exceptions or compromises, Summerhill children are free from coercion, physical or psychological – no canings, of course, but no encouragement either. The results are everywhere evident. That common-room furniture is torn, pulled apart, ravaged, may be, as Neill insists, of no importance. When books are left out in the rain it doesn't really matter. If boys throw knives at beautiful oak doors or a "happy, normal girl," as Neill describes her, burns holes with a red-hot poker in the walnut mantelpiece, the Headmaster remains calm. But the library is locked, the art room is locked, and the workshop is locked except when an instructor is present. In earlier days it was kept open, but one boy used up all the letter-punches making cotter pins for his motorcycle, another broke bricks with the planishing hammer, a third ruined the lathe. Children stopped attempting to make things, for as one of them said, "What's the good of going into the workshop? All the tools are rotten now." Neill refurnished his shop and locked the door, but with a guilty conscience: was this Summerhillian?

Neill blames anti-social behavior on his "problem children." "All our problem children are deprived children – children who haven't had their share of love. We're pulling other people's chestnuts out of the fire for them. A 14-year-old boy from America said the other day, 'I don't give a damn for all these bloody rules this bunch of bloody kids make.' I wish we didn't have to take anyone over 12. By that time they're spoiled by their conventional schools."

Another visitor said she had been disturbed by the nonchalance with which the meeting regarded the stealing episode. "No one expressed disapproval. The thief just seemed to get away with it." The Summerhill students protested, "Something is reported stolen every week – you can't keep on getting excited about stealing when it happens all the time!" "Why do so many children wear keys around their necks?" the

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visitor asked. "These Americans," Neill explained, "have a lot of expensive equipment, record-players and things, so they lock their doors so the little ones won't come in and break them up." "But the little ones wear keys too." "Those are for their 'tuck boxes.' They get food and things from home and if they didn't lock them they wouldn't have any." Neill's theory, stated over and over in his works, is that children steal because they are deprived of love. If a child steals just because he wants something, the offense should be treated casually. "A Summerhill child would feel cramped if he lived in a community that thought . . . stealing was immoral."

"How do children learn about the school?" "My parents read *Summerhill*," answered one of the girls. "I heard it was a school without lessons," said a boy, "and I thought that sounded great." "Nearly every child who comes here hates lessons," Neill declared. "Ted, you've been here two years now – have you ever been to lessons?" With a touch of modest pride Ted said he never had. "What, *never*?" "Well, *hardly* ever. I did go to woodwork a few times." "What do you do with your time?" "Everybody asks me that! I do different things? Last week I fixed the shed roof. If I really want to learn something, to be a doctor or something, I can do it. I don't feel like pushing myself because I won't really enjoy myself if I push myself."

"How do you find your staff?" asked one of the very young visitors. "It's more accurate to say that they find me," laughed Neill. "They read *Summerhill* and write asking, 'Can I teach in your wonderful school?' " This method of recruitment causes problems. The worshipper who dreams of Summerhill as freedom's Paradise often becomes discontented and disillusioned in a few weeks, and the turnover of staff is rapid. Salaries are very low, amounting to little more than maintenance and pocket-money: "I can't afford to pay like the state schools," says Neill (the beginning teacher's annual salary in state schools is about $2000). There are no married teachers. "I've had a few," says Neill, "but they didn't work out. They had children, and that was difficult – especially for the children."

What is the role of a teacher in a school where the headmaster declares, "We do not consider that teaching very much matters"? What, indeed, is the role of the school? In Neill's words, it should provide "an environment in which the emotions can be lived out and expressed." To do this, it must, of course, be a total environment, a boarding school. "Academic learning has little in it of intrinsic value. . . . I am not really interested in making subjects interesting by modern methods; rather am I desirous of scrapping the lot of useless, boring subjects." Among these he lists mathematics, history, and literature: "One can live a busy, happy life without ever having read Proust, or Lawrence, or Milton, or Thackeray, or . . . I hesitate to say it . . . Shakespeare." He even denigrates basic learning: "Reading and counting are of so little moment in life."

Neill has often been compared to Dewey, but Dewey saw a vital role for the teacher in his child-centered school: "The teacher's business," he declared, "is to see that the occasion is taken advantage of. Since freedom [defined as the power to frame purposes and carry into effect purposes so framed] resides in the operations of intelligent observation and judgment by which a purpose is developed, guidance given by the teacher to the exercise of the pupils' intelligence is an aid to freedom, not a restriction upon it." At Summerhill, however, the staff must abjure guidance as a pious Muslim abjures pork. When a teacher suggested that the boys help him build a boat, he was properly rebuffed. "Free children don't like leaders," Neill explained.

Does Summerhill prove that "freedom works"? One way of evaluating this claim might be to follow the careers of its alumni. Emmanuel Bernstein recently published the results of his interview with 50 former Summerhillians living in the vicinity of London. Some remembered the school with pleasure, others felt it had failed them. Many criticized its academic weakness. Of the eleven who had become parents, three had sent their own children to Summerhill. In spite of Neill's statement that his students "go into the arts," Bernstein could classify only six of the fifty as artists.

Summerhill's success should be evaluated in Neill's terms – individual happiness – rather than by achievement in college or distinction in careers. Unfortunately, there is as yet no way of determining the happiness-quotient, and any estimate must be subjective. The bonds-bursting exuberance I had expected at Summerhill was totally lacking; the homesickness of youngsters like Dickie only enhanced the general effect of dreariness.

"Does the Ministry of Education set standards you must follow?" inquired an American teacher battered by state demands. "Her Majesty's Inspectors haven't bothered us for 20 years. We're part of the Establishment by now, you know." A young Englishman asked, "How would you assess your influence on education?" "I can't. Of course my books have sold, but I don't know how many people really read them. A lot of schools say they are 'like Summerhill.' I even heard of one that lets the children have drugs and alcohol because they think that's 'freedom.' Actually, the greater atmosphere of freedom that we have now isn't the result of any one man's work – it's a sort of *Zeitgeist*."

"And now," said A. S. Neill, "I think I'm tired." Suddenly we realized that he really was 83 years old. It was time to go home.

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Stanley Kauffmann: Novel of Self-Awareness

Night Watch by Stephen Koch

(Harper & Row; $5.95)

> "The special fillip of our own [modern American] myth is its invitation to the writer to disregard what he cannot disregard – form and technique – in the belief that the whole secret lies in liberty and vision. . . . The bondage of the novel to its conventions of chronological time must be broken; if this is done, I am convinced that all the talk of the death of the form will evaporate."

So wrote the young critic Stephen Koch, then 26, in the Fall 1967 issue of *Tri-Quarterly*, in an article that was typical of the assertive, challenging, even aggressive criticism that has become associated with him. Now he has taken the risk of putting his creative money where his critical mouth is: he has written a novel, his first. If it was a bet he was making – that he could do what he had been talking about – he has won it handily. *Night Watch* is extraordinarily good.

Its microcosm is a Long Island estate where, in a huge house, live David, a boy of seventeen, and Harriet, his slightly older sister, together with their drunken fat old aunt and a few servants. Or its microcosm is described by the iron arms of the tension between brother and sister that press them finally – satisfyingly *for us* – into incest. Or its microcosm is a monodrama in which the brother and sister ("the virtuous children of a dissolute generation") together with the aunt and a phallic young handyman are components of a symbolic contemporary biomorph. Any and all of these views can be true, and doubtless there are others: Koch's novel is a base for interesting ambiguities. All of which proves that in form and technique he has found his own liberty and vision. As for chronological time, he has broken his bondage to it by using it chiefly as a reference point for the various refractions of time in his story, aware that both chronological and achronological time exist simultaneously in our minds.

What dominates the book is the release and interplay of forces, their seeming antagonism, their ineluctable fusion. The reader knows from the physicality of the description of David's body on an operating table, at the start, that the book will thrive (or not) by the intensity with which it transmutes close-ups into essences; and he also knows from David's early spying on a fierce sexual encounter between his sister and her lover that a fuse has been ignited, that the end will be consummation or blood.

After accidentally witnessing her sex act, David proceeds – quite unconsciously – through various stages, almost rites, to prepare himself for union with his sister. He witnesses another of her wild couplings, again unnoticed by the pair. He lives through a progressively sensual night with the young stud who works on the estate. (The latter is named Dean, presumably as an echo of Movieland.) The evening begins with a drive to New York, and it includes an exquisitely detailed anatomy of dark deserted downtown Manhattan, a ride with Dean's girl friend breathing next to David on the soft leather seat, and the witnessing of a horrible accident that triggers David's senses for the evening's sensory climax: a sexual act with Dean.

That act leads, quickly but by integrated steps, to the sister's accidental discovery of her brother's sexual existence, the intrusion of that knowledge between her and her lover, and the last scene of aching peaceful interchange with her brother in the dark. The aim of the novel is hardly to exalt incest, it is to exalt ourselves: to show that our concern is a matter of instances, not precepts; that one of the powers of the modern novel is to prove that nothing human *is* alien. And the aim is also to show that the methods of the novel can be as relativist and exploratory as the current moral inquiries of men.

Roland Barthes says in *Writing Degree Zero:*

> "The multiplication of modes of writing is a modern phenomenon which forces a choice upon the writer, making form a kind of behavior and giving rise to an ethic of writing."

In these terms Koch has chosen virtuously: he has chosen (not invented) exactly the right modes for his novel. The French "new" novel has patently influenced him, particularly (I think) Robbe-Grillet, most particularly as Robbe-Grillet uses the cinema eye: contrasting shots, pans, intercuts. Koch also uses another contemporary film device – what we can call reification of the form, instead of form-as-illusion. In many of Godard's films, in some of Lester's, and in others, we are continually reminded that we are watching films: we are addressed or we are shown the camera crew at work or we hear the actors talk about their roles. Koch has used a cognate method in his novel, lifting it and turning it to show us all sides of it, as well as opening it to take us inside.

The author is often explicitly present in his book, and so are we. (Early in the narrative, we read: "Take one last look at David's body and let me tell you something.") The variations in viewpoint within a single scene or the excursions into fantasy, which have been traditionally handled in other ways, are labelled by Koch, almost like italicized stage-directions in a playscript. ("*This is what Harriet sees.*") The effect of these devices is not estrangement but involvement; and this is because of the crucial matter – often

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skimped in discussions of form – of talent.

Frankness of artifice and high intellectual overview do not, as we see constantly, guarantee good novels. Having selected his means, Koch was then able to employ, in their service, an emotional power and a verbal force that worked doubly: to vitalize the "real" elements and to make us accept the deliberately obvious artifices as elements of art. Here is Koch's intensification of fact:

> "The cherry-wood door from the kitchen hallway flops again, like a blanket in the wind, and the maid comes in balancing two broad plates covered with fanning reddish slices of London broil with a pile of green Brussels sprouts, each like a tiny head of lettuce steaming under a frost-like shaved-ice covering of Parmesan, and with jagged mounds of mashed potatoes, black butter sauce pouring down their sides like flavorsome lava coursing into the valleys of tiny white mountains . . . The aromas spread around slowly, at different speeds. . . ."

Possibly in parody of Dickens' luscious meals, this passage makes the lusciousness oppressive, grotesque. And, in a different vein, here is a fantasy passage, something that never "happens" in the novel and may never have "happened" at all but which is used to break free of the form and simultaneously to enlarge it:

> "*Imagine Dean:* His head is a white-helmeted dome, and the plastic visor curves like Vistavision across his face and shields in transparency Dean's flicking eyes, his high forehead and his hard black hair. Dean guns the handle grips, spins them, squeezes them. Imagine the spinning tires peeling over asphalt like a chain saw screaming through wood – and up front the big headlight grows blinding, like a widening gunsight, and Dean is slowly leaping up the stairs, bounding up fire escapes that zigzag like the teeth of a saw, he is climbing thirty stories of orange concrete, the street is a ribbon below where dust is creeping and Dean is jumping four steps at a time, breathing like a girl asleep."

It is vivid writing and – another doubleness! – it is also deliberately a bit overvivid, like the best pop art.

I think it important to dwell on how well this book is made because that, in good part, is what the book was made for. Its devices include, besides the ones I've already mentioned, shifts of tense, from present to preterit, in the middle of scenes, like a sudden switch of lens; the patent prefiguration in dream and daydream of things that later happen more or less as prefigured. All the devices tend to the dominant double effect: never to let us forget that we are reading a novel, and, paradoxically, to make that novel more moving because it moves us at the same time that we are aware of its artifices.

Thus *Night Watch* is both a neat and a powerful exponent of the salient psychological and intellectual condition of our time: the enormous increase in consciousness. All of us are more aware of more matters in and around ourselves than men ever were before. Koch's novel is conscious of itself as a novel, just as we are newly able to see ourselves living our lives; yet it encloses a core of "direct" being, just as our own existences do. Its double mode is a principal reason that it reaches emotional centers in us that were formerly accessible only to suspended disbelief. This double mode does not signify that all traditional modes are dead and embalmed. Expanded consciousness does not mean exclusion, it means inclusion, of new possibilities; and one phenomenon it now includes is the self-aware novel of self-awareness.

Larry L. King: You Must Be Kidding

An American Melodrama: The Presidential Campaign of 1968 by Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page

(The Viking Press; $10.00)

The America of 1968, with its assassinations, torched ghettos, campus wars, crime waves, alienations, deposed kings and crazed pretenders, almost seems too much for a single book. Offered as a novel, it might be rejected even by the lowliest of publishing house readers. "This story smacks too much of fantasy," such a low-echelon reader might report to his superiors. "There is too much random violence, nameless complications, and wild improbabilities. The Southern Governor known as George Wallace is surely overdrawn: a composite of all the Dixie demagogues of the past. That his racist appeals could enjoy enough popular support to get his name on ballots in virtually all states, through the signing of petitions by millions, is incredible. That he would name a Stone Age primitive from the military ranks as his running mate caps incredibility with foolhardiness. The aging Hollywood idol who has somehow become governor of California (!) and who within two years can reach for the Presidency, is more a satirical figure than not: I cannot determine whether we are meant to take him seriously. The young prince figure, Senator Robert Kennedy, dies so senseless and near-accidental a death in his moment of triumph (he is shot by a fanatical, anti-Israeli Jordanian in a hotel kitchen corridor after having won his most meaningful primary of the year) that only the most amateurish novelist would dare pre-

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sent it. Nor does it seem reasonable that a power-driven and proud President could be so easily forced from office by a handful of disgruntled Eastern intellectuals, and legions of dedicated college kids rallying around a half-mystic Midwestern Senator who alternately dabbles in poetry and sarcasm. It doesn't appear remotely possible that the leaders of the Democratic Party (old pros, after all, who have long spoken in the name of Freedom, Humanity, Equality) would permit brutal and suicidal attacks in the streets of Chicago against unarmed young dissidents – not with the whole world looking on. And certainly the author must be kidding when – after all this melodrama and the wild excesses of a dozen swashbuckling, Falstaffian main characters – he offers as the ultimate nominees of the major parties two gray, old-style, burnt-out professional politicians, both of whom talk either in clichés or merely to hear their tongues rattle. This manuscript should be rejected."

But the patient chroniclers of that same improbable American melodrama as nonfiction, three English journalists of excellent repute (Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page), have done it and deserve accolades. Their fat, carefully-researched book on the American Presidential manipulations of 1968 is among the first of several scheduled to appear, and it will be surprising if anybody (the experienced Theodore White included) does the job better.

The authors (two of them partially educated in the United States, and all with experience as newspaper correspondents here) enter as easily into the American idiom as into its political mainstreams and backwashes. Their campaign-trail observations are skillfully melded with behind-the-door reports resulting from hundreds of personal interviews; they capture the essence of major American political figures; and they are not afraid to examine critically the best of our heroes. (Robert Kennedy, for example, "trod close to the edge of demagogy" in saying how terrible it was that American boys were dying in "bottomless Asian swamps" when the Vietnamese themselves were not conscripting eighteen-year-olds – "and he went on saying this for some days after it was pointed out to him that the Vietnamese were in fact conscripting eighteen-year-olds.")

The authors are properly horrified (yet sometimes perversely attracted) by the sight of George Wallace working his white magic among the taxi-drivers, barbers, and police mentalities of America; they cannot believe that Curt LeMay loves bombs so well; they find more menace than humor in Ronald Reagan, more mystery than not in Eugene McCarthy; they note Hubert Humphrey's dimming vision as age, ambition, and the arrogance of office claim him; they see Richard Nixon for pretty much what he is: "But like rain on limestone, the words fell on the ear and then mysteriously trinkled away. Nixon is a consummate master of the art of speaking much and saying nothing." They are more understanding of the trials of Lyndon Johnson than are many of their American counterparts; and they scold us for wallowing in self-criticism, by claiming (unconvincingly, I am afraid) that our racial problems and instincts for violence are not as far-reaching, excessive, or unique as we believe them to be. Though our labor unions seem to have become complacent, the authors find them to have "showed both more courage and more political strength than expected when Wallace tested them."

Still, our British cousins are not exactly happy with the results of 1968. To those of us who look forward to "the New Politics" as an idea whose time has surely come, they say:

"Nineteen sixty-eight was not the year of the New Politics. Indeed, one of the most striking features of the political process in the first half of the year was the residual strength of the regular politicians. In each of the two major parties, they were able to hold off exceptionally dangerous insurgencies. The fact that the candidates nominated by the Republicans and the Democrats in 1968, in spite of all the swirling turbulence of the year, were Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey, was remarkable testimony of the grip which the men of the center, who are also the professionals, have on the political system and to the resources which bureaucratic politics

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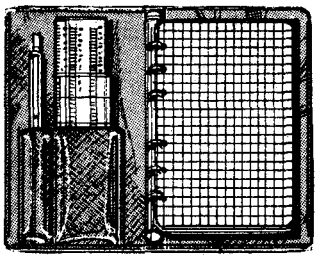

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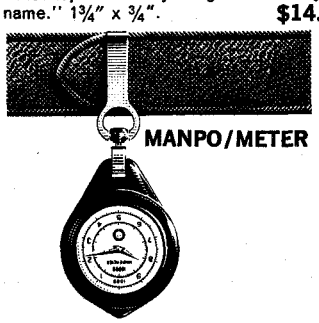

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can deploy against the politics of charisma."

They conclude that:

"The men who were filtered out all had stronger political personalities than the men who survived . . . . In their very different ways, Johnson, Rockefeller, McCarthy, and Wallace all addressed themselves to what were generally regarded as the main issues far more specifically and unambiguously than Humphrey and Nixon . . . . It was the men who were eliminated, not the men who were nominated, who told the American people frankly where they stood . . . . It can be said with only a trace of epigrammatic exaggeration that Humphrey managed to be nominated because he talked about every issue except the one that mattered to his party, and Nixon was elected because he talked about every issue except the ones that mattered to the country."

Not particularly flattering to the American electorate, perhaps, but then what have they done for us lately?

More than mildly entertaining, a few of the book's side dissertations on the American political life-style are intriguing. I do not always agree with its conclusions (the lengthy insistances, for example, that Richard Nixon was very nearly not nominated for President because of a Southern threat posed by Ronald Reagan). But a few pet prejudices aside, this is as fine a contemporary study of our recent and riotous past as one is likely to encounter, a thorough coverage of events from the original "dump Johnson" efforts through the dull, dead, and dangerous early days of the Nixon Administration.

Howard Zinn: Young Demons

The Conflict of Generations by Lewis S. Feuer

(Basic Books; $12.50)

Those radicals who (following Marx and Mannheim) see social scientists as modern priests weaving mystic webs to conceal the real world should read Lewis Feuer's book. It corroborates their claim so strongly that one suspects Feuer has been planted by SDS (as a double agent) to discredit academic scholarship.

Feuer is angry at the student movements of today, and has invented a theory to legitimize his anger. It asserts that student movements, driven by some parricidal urge, have invariably turned to nihilism and terrorism (to irrationality, at the least) and have thus, time after time, set back the march of progress in the world. The bulk of the book is a historical "proof" – with chapters on the German, Bosnian, Russian, Chinese, Japanese and other student movements, giving special attention to the current upsurge in the United States.

The beginning and end of the book contain enough statements about the "eternal duality" in student movements of selflessness and violence, and idealism and irrationality, to give the appearance of that "balanced judgment" which academicians can no more discard than their pants. But in between those few sympathetic murmurs we get nothing but a long cacophony of complaint about the young.

In Feuer's demonology, student movements (and therefore, ultimately, "generational conflict") have been responsible, in varying degrees, for the fol-

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lowing political and historical disasters:

1. World War I: because Gavrilo Princip, the Archduke's assassin, was a member of a student movement (Feuer's chapter heading is: The Bosnian Student Movement Blindly Provokes the First World War).

2. Hitlerism: because the 1819 assassination of the dramatist Kotzebue, by a member of a German student group, led to the repressive Karlsbad decrees. Thus the student movement "was largely responsible for the defeat of German constitutionalism" whereupon "the heritage of the German student movement of 1817 was transmitted to the Nazis."

3. The Bolshevik Revolution: because Alexander II "was about to give a constitution" when a student threw the bomb that killed him; and because Moscow University students preferred revolutionary groups to the Constitutional Democrats, who stood for "the virtues of liberal judgment." (Support of World War I, we might note, was one of those virtues.)

4. Stalinism (he was a "rebellious theological student"): because students assassinated Kirov in 1934, and Komsomol members plotted to kill Stalin in the following year, and he was infuriated.

5. World War II: because student pacifism in the thirties caused "a weakening of the resistance which should have been made to Hitler," (Chamberlain, Daladier, and the American Neutrality Acts are not mentioned; did these governments have the guns and the power to intercede in Spain and Czechoslovakia or did the students? The young radicals can't win with Feuer. He damns them for the Oxford Pledge against war, but when they fight and die in Spain he sees this sourly as "death in obedience to a drive that was so ill-understood that it set a young man on its quest in a back-to-the-people heroism").

6. The Chinese Communist Revolution: because "Mao's conflict with his father and its primacy as a motivation for his political ideas were typical of the Chinese students who emerged with him"; and by 1926-27 "responsible authorities were flouted." (To call Chinese authority, whether in government or education, "responsible" in that time, is to show profound ignorance of Chinese history.)

7. Castroism: because for the student Castro, "the United States became a surrogate father to be blamed." (What other reason could there possibly be for a Cuban to resent the United States?)

8. Espionage and treason in America: because "the reason-blinding passion of generational hatred begot a corrupted idealism which led to treason." (Feuer is speaking of the Rosenbergs.)

9. The silence of the fifties: because "the sons rejected the fathers' political gods as broken idols."

10. McCarthyism: because the legacy of the American Student Union was "moral entrapment . . . guilt and consequent depoliticization." (But Feuer, like so many righteous critics of the fallen Joe McCarthy, is a fan at heart. He says William Remington who was convicted of perjury and then murdered in prison, was "involved in tawdry espionage." I find obnoxious Feuer's bland acceptance of this court decision in the McCarthy era – which was challenged by Learned Hand, never reviewed by the Supreme Court, and based on the testimony of a paid informer and Remington's divorced wife.

The value of Feuer's book is that, by carrying to absurdity what other social scientists do with more sophistication, it may awaken us to their methodological inanity and deadly aimlessness. How often are we dazzled by some pretentious concept (often in the form of a catch-phrase) which "fits" all elements of the subject under discussion – not noticing that it fits all subjects under all discussions?

Bio-psychological "causes" of human catastrophe are especially appealing because they can be found in all human behavior. (It is a little like attributing suicide leaps to the law of gravity.) They are also marvelous reinforcers of the going order, because they have no operable corrective (unless it is geno-surgery). Explanations of social events by castration complexes insure impotency.

Psychological explanations of protest are comforting to those of us who don't want our little worlds upset, because they emphasize the irrationality of the protester rather than the irrationality of that which produces protest. It seems to be much easier for us to believe that abolitionists were vehement because they were upward-striving, than because they grasped in some small way the horror of slavery. It is easier to believe that students have "intense, unresolved Oedipal feelings, a tremendous attachment to their mothers, and a violent hostility to their fathers" rather than that they are outraged at a society which (speaking precisely) will not let them live.

Of course rebels and protesters engage in irrational behavior; of course their tactics are a compound of ingeniousness and desperation, compassion and masochism. Any fool can find the sex drives in black slaves, the indiscriminate resentment of old by young. But the beginning of wisdom is a sense of proportion. Pope Pius XII in his inner mind may have justified his inaction on the gassing of the Jews by thinking about their shrewd ways. We are all tempted to be Deputies for similar, more intel-

Lenore Marshall

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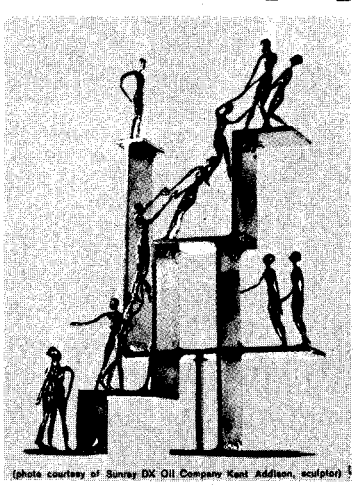

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lectualized reasons, in a time when there are no more observers in the world and we are all Jews.

The three-page "Theses on Feuerbach" is a better guide than the 500 pages of Feuer's book. You will find that in *Marx & Engels: Basic Writings on Politics & Philosophy*, edited by Lewis Feuer (some years ago). The ideas there are not infallible, but they are wise and humane (and, incidentally, more understanding of capitalists than Feuer is of the young). We learn there that the world has real problems which are historically rooted in particular ways we order our lives, and are treatable therefore, if we will only stop interpreting and start acting.

Kenneth Burke: Toward the Perfectly Poisonous

The Artist as Critic: Critical Writings of Oscar Wilde Edited with an introduction by Richard Ellmann

(Random House; $10.00)

In his expert introduction to this book, Richard Ellmann remarks on Wilde's cult of the "dangerous":

> "What muddies this point of view in Wilde is his looking back to conventional meanings of words like sin, ignoble, and shameful. He is not so ready as Nietzsche to transvaluate these, though he does reshuffle them. His private equation is that sin is the perception of new and dangerous possibilities in action as self-consciousness is in thought and criticism is in art. He espouses individualism, and he encourages society to make individualism more complete than it can be now, and for this reason he sponsors socialism as a communal egotism, like the society made up of separate but equal works of art."

Wilde's preference for such old-time words as "sin" has its counterpart in what would otherwise be a surprisingly frequent use of "perfect" and "perfection." The following passages indicate the range:

> "In Mr. Pater, as in Cardinal Newman, we find the union of personality with perfection." . . . "Art has no other aim but her own perfection." . . . "The condition of perfection is idleness: the aim of perfection is youth." . . . "Life and literature, life and the perfect expression of life." . . . "To be premature is to be perfect." . . . "Made perfect by the critical spirit alone." . . . "We might make ourselves spiritual by detaching ourselves from action, and become perfect by the rejection of energy."

Wilde sums up in that most uneasy of all literary species, an outraged author's Letter to the Editor, when attempting to defend *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. "It is poisonous if you like, but you cannot deny that it is also perfect, and perfection is what we artists aim at." In a review of poems by Henley, he says that rhyme "gives that delightful sense of limitation which in all the arts is so pleasurable, and is, indeed, one of the secrets of perfection." However, he can as readily go in the other direction. When noting that through poetry Mrs. Browning "realizes her fullest perfection," he further observes, "'She would rhyme moon to table,' used to be said of her in jest; and certainly no more monstrous rhymes are to be found in all literature than some of those we come across" in her poems, with results that give "a splendid richness to her verse."

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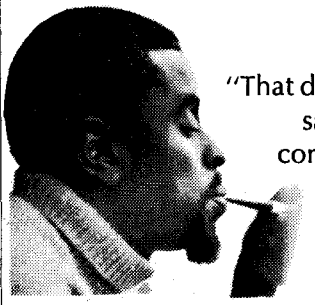
And with regard to Whitman's remarks on "the possibility of a form which, while retaining the spirit of poetry would still be free of the trammels of rhyme and of a definite metrical system," he uses exactly the same formula he applies to Mrs. Browning: "In her very rejection of art she is an artist. She intended to produce a certain effect by certain means, and she succeeded."

In "The Soul of Man Under Socialism" ("soul" is another of his now quaint words, and Wilde's ways of advocating socialism are about as far from the cult of the working man as are the "perfect" writings of his Walter Pater), he writes, "A healthy work of art is one that has both perfection and personality," another word for "personality" being "individuality." And though he foretells an era when painting will no longer be "an artificial reaction against the ugliness of life," but "the natural expression of life's beauty," he is persistent in his dictum that "the sphere of Art and the sphere of Ethics are absolutely distinct and separate."

There is a wide difference, he contends, between saying that "only a painter is a judge of painting" and his thesis that "only an artist is a judge of art." For "in art there is no specialism." All arts "are in their essence the same, and he who knows one, knows all," whereat he adds a twist, "But the poet is the supreme artist."

Presumably in saying, "There are not many arts, but one art merely," he was motivated by the feeling that the same aesthetic *attitude* was involved in one's approach to all art. And insofar as his sense of secret "sin" was at odds with his popular repute, this attitude went beyond advocating that artistic innovation was merely in a different channel from the ethical, and culminated in his challenge, "All art is immoral."

One feels like a plodder, in trying to put together Wilde's critical theories. For instance, we read in "The Decay of Lying" that "As a method, realism is a complete failure"; art "is not to be judged by any external standard of resemblance." In "The Truth of Masks," an essay on the dramatic value of costumes, we are told that "Perfect accuracy of detail . . . is necessary for us." The point is developed at great length; but the shift is concealed by his saying that such "archaeological" strictness is necessary "for the sake of perfect illusion." "The archaeologist is to



"That dawn which saw the first coming of the Europeans to Africa is for African writers no simple dawn but is charged with layered meaning. That morning which saw the beginnings of European cultural imposition was fraught with danger for the spiritual protector of the African writer, for his totem."
—WILFRED CARTEY

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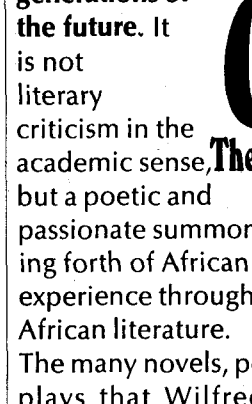

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supply us with the facts which the artist is to convert into effects." Though he writes that "neither in costume nor in dialogue is beauty the dramatist's primary aim at all. The true dramatist aims first at what is characteristic," the statement must be understood as modified, three pages later, by a reference to "that joy in beauty for beauty's sake without which the great masterpieces of art can never be understood."

Mr. Ellmann's introduction sums up things admirably, as regards both Wilde's aestheticism and its relation to his "sinful" man-love. Even so, it is worth noting that, in his essay on the gentlemanly poisoner Wainwright, Wilde hits upon a stricter definition: "Sin should be solitary, and have no accomplices." How closely should we read that text? Would it mean that, after his "fall" into homosexual entanglements (presumably in 1886) he could not wholly embody the ideal of individualism which he hoped for in Utopian socialism? Insofar as sexual analogues for socio-political situations are concerned, the "perfect" *individualist* could have erotic commerce only with himself.

As regards the book proper, there are two ideal places to begin. The first is "A Chinese Sage," the review of a translation of Confucius, which begins, "An eminent Oxford theologian once remarked that his only objection to modern progress was that it progressed forward instead of backward." Throughout, the stress is in keeping with paradoxical thoughts on "the uselessness of all useful things." Wilde suggests that the English publication, two thousand years after Confucius' death, "is obviously premature." The quality of Wilde's sympathy with this book well indicates the quality of his own conceits, when they now and then come nearest to "perfection."

The other recommended starting point is "Poetry and Prison," a review of poems that Wilfrid Scawen Blunt wrote in connection with his imprisonment. "Literature is not indebted to Mr. Balfour for his sophistical 'Defence of Philosophic Doubt,' which is one of the dullest books we know, but it must be admitted that by sending Mr. Blunt to gaol he has converted a clever rhymer into an earnest and deep-thinking poet." In the light of what happened to Wilde later, these pages are particularly touching (I almost said "arresting"). But the causes of the two men's imprisonment varied greatly. Blunt's had the dignity of a political offense, whereas Wilde, though poetically identifying himself with Christ, had to suffer the burdens of mere scandal. As Mr. Ellmann aptly puts it, "So long as he had been a scapegrace the door to comedy was still open; once having accepted the role of scapegoat the door was closed." After his release from prison, Wilde tried to write another play in his former manner, but the kind of continuity best suited to his gifts was broken. "There was nothing to do but die, which accordingly he did."

His reviews are a charming combination of perception and patter. They are much better than his more pretentious pieces, which are not so well defined by the requirements of the business at hand, and which seem more deeply affected by the complications of the "Dorian Gray complex" (a guilty sense of too great a hiatus between secrecy and publicity).

A quite differently slanted review might have resulted from a selection of his witticisms. Also, along with much social shrewdness, engagingly expressed, there are many serious passages of great sympathy and beauty, for instance his pages on *The Divine Comedy*. But of the kind of passage we most spontaneously think of as Oscarian, here's the "perfect" one: "Mr. Whistler always spelt art, and we believe he still does, with a capital 'I.'" Wilde did too.

But let's consider one more exhibit, a review of only seven lines (which, incidentally, may throw light on Wilde's resistances to what he calls realism):

> "'The Chronicle of Mites' is a mock-heroic poem about the inhabitants of a decaying cheese, who speculate about the origin of their species, and hold learned discussions upon the meanings of Evolution, and the Gospel according to Darwin. This cheese epic is a rather unsavoury production, and the style is, at times, so monstrous and so realistic that the author should be called the Gorgon-Zola of literature."

Hometown Source

The editors wish to call attention to the fact that Jean Carper was the author of a note appearing in our May 17, 1969 issue under the heading, "Mrs. Knauer's Hometown."

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Poetry

Robert Lowell and the Circle
by Jerome Mazzaro

Each generation of poets comes into its own self-consciousness. For one reason or another, the poets who emerged in the late thirties and early forties defined their generation in terms of a "circle" around Robert Lowell, so that now, critics as well as poets, have begun to write of an "Age of Lowell."

The reason for the emergence of such a circle may have been the timing of *Lord Weary's Castle*, which trumpeted the end of the generation's apprenticeship, followed later by *Life Studies*, which courted a new generation with its confessional tone. Or, it may have been the early "papal" blessings of Eliot, Santayana, William Carlos Williams, Pound, and Randall Jarrell. Or simply, it may have been that, more than anyone else's, Lowell's early poetry fulfilled the critical *dicta* made fashionable by I. A. Richards, William Empson, and the New Critics. In any case, in the last decade, Lowell has received only two serious challenges from his compeers, from Theodore Roethke, and from John Berryman. Other challengers – Richard Wilbur, Jarrell, Elizabeth Bishop – have remained quietly in the background, or like Charles Olson and Brother Antoninus, have followed maverick traditions.

Now, the appearances of the "collected," "selected," and the "complete" poems of many of the generation's members are forcing a new acknowledgement of their ranking. Karl Shapiro, himself an early, noisy dissenter, once promised such an acknowledgement in a survey to be called "Robert Lowell as Cassius Clay," and the image of a long series of elimination bouts suggested by the title still may be the best way to proceed.

Like that of the tens and twenties, the generation of the forties quested after the long poem. It did so with their same emphasis on a need to rescue language from its abuses in trade. But for these younger poets, language was revived not through an accuracy to live speech, but through a management of contexts, of which there were two. As Delmore Schwartz's *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities* asserted early, one was the conflict between languages of the fact and of dream. The other, delineated by an emphasis on craft which a generation of critics and workshops fostered, centered on form, music, rhetoric, and grammar. The result was a poetry skilled in melodic and formal patterns which, in its escapes to idea, often proved irrelvant to life. Although the poetry was often later repudiated as "Alexandrian," the generation never quite succeeded in abandoning it.

Nor did it ever quite abandon the notion of Matthew Arnold it had embraced, that poetry would replace religion and philosophy as the interpreter of life. The notion presented an escape from the charges of irrelevancy between the fact and dream, by forcing poetry to become increasingly concrete illustrations of religious and philosophical systems and problems. In fact, the oppositions that began to form among the generation's members in the late forties, as the "Lowell Circle" moved out of its preoccupation with mysticism and into an interest in history formed along ideological rather than technical lines.

Leaving the concept of art as beauty, for art as truth – and truth as it appears in time – the circle quickly lost Wilbur. With his wit, well-balanced constructions, well-made poems, and love of ceremony, Wilbur rejected the notion that these two aims of poetry might be at odds. He could not subscribe to the imbalances of a pluralistic world as proper for poetry, nor to pain as a reality principle. If truth and beauty were at odds, he was to assert later, he preferred the mind's "graceful error" to the correct cave. Being acts of the mind, values might better be pleasant and orderly than unpleasant and chaotic. There was nothing to be gained by championing the latter.

Recognizing with Ruskin that a well-made poem shut a reader (and life) outside, Jarrell accused Wilbur of prettiness, irrelevancy, and stasis (of not expanding beyond what he could already do well). This last objection was one of Jarrell's constant complaints re-

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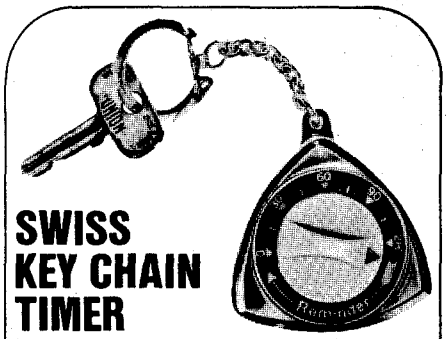

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garding his contemporaries. More than any specific rejection of Wilbur's views, it revealed his own belief that, in the discrepancy between idea and fact, the function of art (idea) becomes a furthering of society in its evolutionary drift toward lesser imperfection. This could not be done if dreams (art) were cut off from life. None of the generation, however, advocated Ruskin's corollary notion that the incomplete work of art was superior. This notion figures more importantly in the work of the generation of poets after Lowell, and derives from Williams, Schwartz, and Marshall McLuhan.

For Roethke, whose sense of competition helped create the Lowell Circle, and who made the first serious challenge to Lowell's place in it, the quarrel was not over the matter of truth or beauty as art, but over style at its most profound level. Lowell established himself early as a poet of will. He was determined in his meditational structures to discover the will of God and impose it upon himself and nature. In his essay on Gerard Manley Hopkins, he cited Hopkin's living "in act"– in a continuous substantial progress toward perfection – as the reason for his ability to use most of his interests and experiences in his poetry. His landscape or Other existed, as a consequence, only as a reflection in the eyes of the observer.

For Roethke, deriving his concept of style from the Romantics, Rilke, and ultimately Goethe, poetry was also a contemplation, but not directly of God. It was a contemplation of the force which dissolved the differences between the wills of the contemplator and the contemplated. As Goethe had insisted, style rested "on the deepest fundamental ground of knowledge, on the essence of things, insofar as it is granted to us to know this in visible and tangible forms." In this reduction of language to its simplest form, trees and refrigerators as well as flowers might communicate with Roethke. His seeming success in the venture led Lowell to remark that he felt he knew nothing about the things Roethke knew about – flowers and so on – and that what they shared was the exultant moment, the blazing out. Lowell confided that whenever he tried to do anything like Roethke's poems, he felt helpless and recognized in this province the other's mastery.

Although Jarrell shared with Lowell this idea of style as will imposed upon nature, he differed from him in politics and, early, in religion. Ever a skeptic who believed that man's imagination could never know the will of God, Jarrell could not subscribe to any individual's talking with God. Instead, like Arnold, he insisted on the State as the more accurate index of God's purpose and spoke of man's imagination as contributing to the State's greater benefit.

As "A Girl in the Library," the opening poem of his posthumously edited *The Complete Poems*, establishes, "the ways we miss our lives are life." The individual is foolish to assume that anyone has special knowledge and can determine beforehand whether he will end in oblivion or remain as a guiding spirit for the future. For Lowell, the idea of man's not knowing his purpose was unthinkable. Even when the idea does begin to appear after his defection from the Catholic Church, in "The Mills of the Kavanaughs," Jarrell's second notion of the rightness of the State over the individual never accompanies it. Instead, Lowell continues his championing of the individual imagination against the State, whose structures he too often finds out-of-touch and psychically inhibiting.

Closely allied to Jarrell and Lowell in this view of reconciling two discrete, evolving cultures of fact and idea is Elizabeth Bishop. Her *Complete Poems* has also recently appeared. Like Roethke, she considers her encounters with nature real confrontations. Rather than believing that the force which dissolves the difference between the wills of the contemplator and the contemplated is simply the tree speaking to the poet, she insists that the tree speaks both to other trees and the poet, while the poet speaks both to himself and the tree. She describes the process in "The Map," which opens her new volume, as the rapport between land and sea, nature and cartographer, map and viewer, and cartographer and historian. As such, in her very best poems, like "At the Fishouses," "The Fish," "The Imaginary Iceberg," and "Roosters," there is a complexity of relationships which is not found in most contemporary poetry.

Although these relationships are not philosophically developed, they submit easily to philosophical analyses. "Roosters," for example, details a reaction set off by nature in "the first crow of the first cock." While an-

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nouncing the end of night, the cry affects first hens, then sleeping wives, and then the history of man, coming to symbolize fall and redemption before, "almost inaudible," it gives way to sunlight. Her evocation here of both a physical and moral atmosphere through attention to detail illustrates what the generation has come to value.

In recent interviews, Lowell has shown his conversion to such techniques with allusions either directly to Miss Bishop or to Chekhov. By his admission, the last part of *Life Studies* and sections of *For the Union Dead* owe considerably to them. There, detail functions not as a reflection in the eyes of the observer, but as an independent actor which at any moment may assume a leading role. The detail "seems right to you" by its inexplicable presence, Lowell asserts, "but you don't have to have it; you could have something else entirely," except that it "works" to add life. Lowell has even gone so far as to entertain an almost un-Jarrellian notion that "It's a waste of time to dream about immortality, but it's important to try for a poem that continues to be good, even though you realize that it's somehow a mockery for a poem to last longer than you do."

More recently a new opposition has arisen in the publication of John Berryman's Dream Songs. This opposition centers on the function of language in determining form. For Berryman, poetry begins in "an experience in itself usually vague, a mere feeling or phrase"– something akin to the instinct of Benedetto Croce – which is fleshed out by means of "versification, rime, stanza, form, trope" into something that is "coherent, directed, intelligible." In the Dream Songs, this fleshing out process places the emphasis of the sequence on expression rather than shape, and allies it to the "action" theories current in art. Since language articulates human existence, the artist who articulates language in its richest relationships becomes the culture hero.

In terms of this view of language, the plot of the Dream Songs conveys the process of poet Henry House's separation from, and reintegration into Berryman, as the blackface interlocutor offers a further breakdown in Henry's self. The kind of truth-as-conceptualization which Arnold's religious and philosophical concerns presupposed submerges in the sequence of these various "self"-encounters. Although Berryman follows an announced pattern of "18-line sections, three six-line stanzas, each normally (for feet) 5-5-3-5-5-3, variously rhymed and not but mostly rhymed with great strictness," he feels no necessity to stick to the pattern, nor to shape the seven parts of his sequence into his original plan of 161 songs or anything resembling classical balance. Like the extravagances of baroque music, the whole works by way of pathos and humor to enlarge a reader's sensibility.

Now the appearance of Lowell's new book-length poem, *Notebook 1967-68*, written in 14 rather than 18-line sections "variously rhymed and not," offers itself as a reply. Like Berryman's songs, the sections are prompted by both events and people – relatives, friends, public figures. Lowell has made it clear that "the poems . . . are written as one poem . . . not a conglomeration of sequence of related material." He adds that it "is not a diary or confession, adhering to literal, pornographic honesty, and glad to share private embarrassment." The plot is "opportunist and impulsive." It begins with a four-part poem for his daughter Harriet and details those months when America reacted to the deaths of Che Guevara, the Reverend Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy. The months marked as well Lowell's most active engagement in American politics – both the November 1967 march on the Pentagon and his campaign work for Senator Eugene McCarthy. Against the poet as hero and language as art, it offers the poet as citizen and politics as truth. Given the premises on which the generation began, both seem logical conclusions of its development, but, by comparison, the equally real expansiveness of the Dream Songs appears more cloistered.

Notes on Contributors

LARRY L. KING, *a contributing editor of* Harper's, *has written widely on the American political scene and for ten weeks worked in the US Senate.* HOWARD ZINN *is a professor of government at Boston University.* KENNETH BURKE's *criticism and poetry have been reissued by the University of California Press.* JEROME MAZZARO *teaches English at the State University of New York at Buffalo.*

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